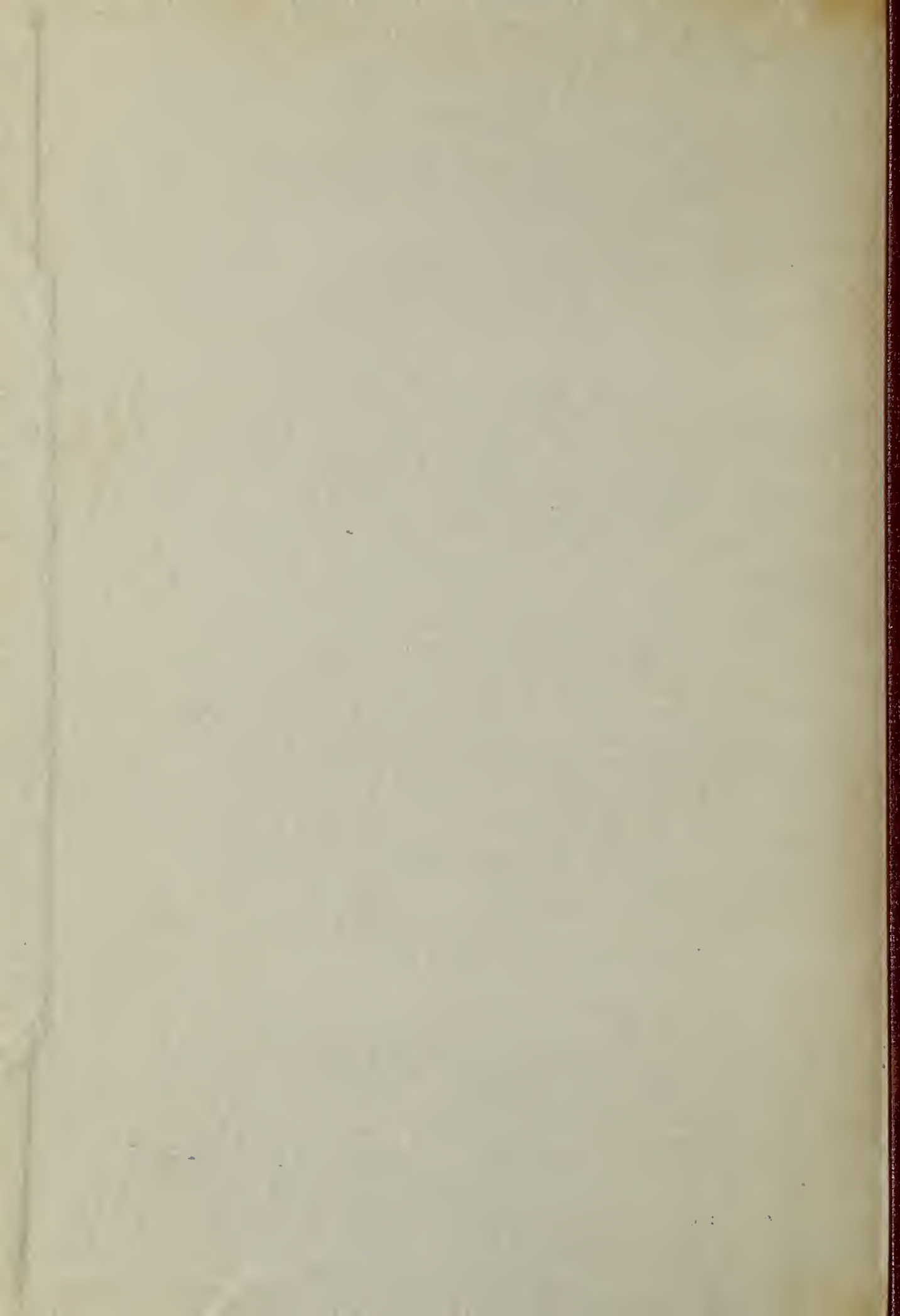


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Kitts, Florine



BOSTON UNIVERSITY

GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

THE IMAGIST MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY

by

Florine Kitts

(A.B., Sul Ross State Teachers College, 1931)

submitted in partial fulfillment of

the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

1936

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THE IMAGIST MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY



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THE OFFICIAL GROUP OF IMAGISTS

H.D. (Hilda Doolittle)

John Gould Fletcher

Amy Lowell

Richard Aldington

F. S. Flint

D. H. Lawrence

RECEIVED BY THE SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

NOVEMBER 2, 1911.

SIR,

YOUR LETTER OF OCTOBER 27,

1911, IS RECEIVED.

Yours very truly,

C O N T E N T S

INTRODUCTION

<u>Chapter</u>		<u>Page</u>
I.	BACKGROUND OF IMAGISM.....	2
II.	DEFINITION AND TENETS OF IMAGISM.....	6
III.	ORIGINS OF IMAGISM.....	20
IV.	CRITICISM OF IMAGISM.....	28
V.	THE PROSE-POETRY CONTROVERSY.....	40
VI.	IMAGIST POETS AND THEIR POETRY.....	49
1.	H. D.	49
	i. <u>Oread</u>	53
	ii. <u>Orchard</u>	54
	iii. <u>Sheltered Garden</u>	55
	iv. <u>Pear Tree</u>	56
	v. <u>Sea Gods</u>	56
	vi. <u>Garden</u>	57
	vii. <u>Orion Dead</u>	58
	viii. <u>Circe</u>	58
	ix. <u>At Ithaca</u>	59
	x. <u>The Contest</u>	59
2.	JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.....	61
	i. Selections from <u>Irradiations</u>	62
	ii. Selection from <u>Preludes and Sym-</u> <u>phonies</u>	62

INDEX

Page

1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
14	14
15	15
16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20
21	21
22	22
23	23
24	24
25	25
26	26
27	27
28	28
29	29
30	30
31	31
32	32
33	33
34	34
35	35
36	36
37	37
38	38
39	39
40	40
41	41
42	42
43	43
44	44
45	45
46	46
47	47
48	48
49	49
50	50
51	51
52	52
53	53
54	54
55	55
56	56
57	57
58	58
59	59
60	60
61	61
62	62
63	63
64	64
65	65
66	66
67	67
68	68
69	69
70	70
71	71
72	72
73	73
74	74
75	75
76	76
77	77
78	78
79	79
80	80
81	81
82	82
83	83
84	84
85	85
86	86
87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

ChapterPage

iii. <u>The Ghosts of an Old House</u>	64
iv. <u>Blue Symphony</u>	65
v. <u>Selections from Irradiations</u>	66
3. AMY LOWELL.....	69
i. <u>Patterns</u>	75
ii. <u>Lilacs</u>	77
iii. <u>Madonna of the Evening Flowers</u>	78
iv. <u>A Lady</u>	79
v. <u>In A Garden</u>	80
vi. <u>The Two Rains</u>	81
vii. <u>Bright Sunlight</u>	81
viii. <u>Reflections</u>	81
ix. <u>Opal</u>	82
x. <u>Night Clouds</u>	82
xi. <u>Lustre</u>	83
xii. <u>White and Green</u>	83
xiii. <u>Venus Transiens</u>	83
xiv. <u>Wind and Silver</u>	83
xv. <u>A Decade</u>	83
xvi. <u>Solitaire</u>	84
xvii. <u>Autumnal Equinox</u>	84
xviii. <u>Thorn Piece</u>	84
xix. <u>After A Storm</u>	84
xx. <u>The Garden by Moonlight</u>	84

1	111
2	112
3	113
4	114
5	115
6	116
7	117
8	118
9	119
10	120
11	121
12	122
13	123
14	124
15	125
16	126
17	127
18	128
19	129
20	130
21	131
22	132
23	133
24	134
25	135
26	136
27	137
28	138
29	139
30	140
31	141
32	142
33	143
34	144
35	145
36	146
37	147
38	148
39	149
40	150

<u>Chapter</u>	<u>Page</u>
4. RICHARD ALDINGTON.....	88
i. <u>Choricos</u>	90
ii. <u>The Faun Sees the Snow for the First</u> <u>Time</u>	91
iii. <u>Stele</u>	91
iv. <u>Evening</u>	92
v. <u>Sunsets</u>	93
vi. <u>Fantasy</u>	93
vii. <u>Summer</u>	93
viii. <u>Images</u>	94
ix. <u>The River</u>	94
x. <u>Dawn</u>	95
xi. <u>Living Sepulchres</u>	95
xii. <u>Machine Guns</u>	95
xiii. <u>Taintignies</u>	96
xiv. Selections from <u>Images of Desire</u>	96
xv. <u>Epigrams</u>	97
xvi. <u>Her Mouth</u>	97
xvii. <u>Portrait</u>	97
xviii. <u>An Interlude</u>	97
xix. <u>Images of Desire, III</u>	97
xx. <u>An Epilogue</u>	98
5. F. S. FLINT.....	99
i. <u>London</u>	100
ii. <u>Eau-Forte</u>	103

100	1000
101	1001
102	1002
103	1003
104	1004
105	1005
106	1006
107	1007
108	1008
109	1009
110	1010
111	1011
112	1012
113	1013
114	1014
115	1015
116	1016
117	1017
118	1018
119	1019
120	1020
121	1021
122	1022
123	1023
124	1024
125	1025
126	1026
127	1027
128	1028
129	1029
130	1030
131	1031
132	1032
133	1033
134	1034
135	1035
136	1036
137	1037
138	1038
139	1039
140	1040
141	1041
142	1042
143	1043
144	1044
145	1045
146	1046
147	1047
148	1048
149	1049
150	1050

<u>Chapter</u>	<u>Page</u>
iii. <u>Beggar</u>	104
iv. <u>A Swan Song</u>	105
v. <u>The Swan</u>	105
vi. <u>Sonnet</u>	106
vii. Selection from <u>Otherworld</u>	106
viii. <u>Courage</u>	108
6. D. H. LAWRENCE.....	109
i. <u>Wedding Morn</u>	112
ii. <u>Bombardment</u>	114
iii. <u>Tommies in the Train</u>	115
iv. <u>A Woman to her Dead Husband</u>	115
v. <u>Green</u>	115
vi. <u>Service of All the Dead</u>	116
vii. <u>Suspense</u>	116
viii. <u>Cherry Robbers</u>	117
ix. Selections from <u>Birds, Beasts and</u> <u>Flowers</u>	118
x. <u>Sun in Me</u>	120
VII. SIGNIFICANCE OF IMAGISM AS A LITERARY MOVEMENT.....	121
VIII. SUMMARY.....	124
B I B L I O G R A P H Y.	

1.1	1.1
1.2	1.2
1.3	1.3
1.4	1.4
1.5	1.5
1.6	1.6
1.7	1.7
1.8	1.8
1.9	1.9
1.10	1.10
1.11	1.11
1.12	1.12
1.13	1.13
1.14	1.14
1.15	1.15
1.16	1.16
1.17	1.17
1.18	1.18
1.19	1.19
1.20	1.20
1.21	1.21
1.22	1.22
1.23	1.23
1.24	1.24
1.25	1.25
1.26	1.26
1.27	1.27
1.28	1.28
1.29	1.29
1.30	1.30
1.31	1.31
1.32	1.32
1.33	1.33
1.34	1.34
1.35	1.35
1.36	1.36
1.37	1.37
1.38	1.38
1.39	1.39
1.40	1.40
1.41	1.41
1.42	1.42
1.43	1.43
1.44	1.44
1.45	1.45
1.46	1.46
1.47	1.47
1.48	1.48
1.49	1.49
1.50	1.50
1.51	1.51
1.52	1.52
1.53	1.53
1.54	1.54
1.55	1.55
1.56	1.56
1.57	1.57
1.58	1.58
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1.64	1.64
1.65	1.65
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1.67	1.67
1.68	1.68
1.69	1.69
1.70	1.70
1.71	1.71
1.72	1.72
1.73	1.73
1.74	1.74
1.75	1.75
1.76	1.76
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THE IMAGIST MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY

INTRODUCTION

Everything has its place; everything has its worth. Perhaps a band that flaunted its banner with bravado in the faces of conservatives, skeptics, and avid critics should not be accorded its place, its worth. But as a part of the great structure of American poetry, Imagism forms a definite block. As a part of a great literary force, its pace is in keeping with the trend of the whole movement of poetry.

Because Imagism, as a School, has a particular place in a great literary movement, the prophecy of a new freedom to fulfill, and an immortal poet to carry its banner down the years, this thesis is devoted to its discussion. It seeks to present facts as they are, unadulterated by prejudice, free from impulsiveness, and with as straightforward and as adequate an appreciation as the subject merits.

This treatment will deal with the poetic background of Imagism, its definition and tenets, its sources and origins, the critical reaction toward it, and the prose-poetry problem concerning it. The official poets of the Imagist movement will be discussed, and their works evaluated. Finally, an attempt will be made to accord Imagism its right place, its proper worth as a part of a literary movement, as a part of that great, immortal spirit of Poetry.

The first of the great principles of the American Revolution was the right of the people to alter or to abolish their government, and to institute a new one, when it was found to be destructive of the ends for which it was established. This principle was the foundation of the Declaration of Independence, and it was the basis of the new government which was then formed. The second principle was the right of the people to be represented in their government. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The third principle was the right of the people to have a government which was responsible to them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The fourth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The fifth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The sixth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The seventh principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The eighth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The ninth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution. The tenth principle was the right of the people to have a government which was elected by them. This principle was the basis of the new government, and it was the foundation of the new constitution.

I

BACKGROUND OF IMAGISM

I

BACKGROUND OF IMAGISM

The spirit of American poetry is still too young to look for self-revelation and definite results, and all such statements as are made are more speculative and hypothetical ones, admittedly so. It is barely over a century since the time of Bryant, and the years since have been filled with so varied an assortment of poetic personalities as to afford the contemporary student a wider and richer perspective than his forefathers. Bryant's death year (1879) found only Lowell four years old, Robert Frost three, and Carl Sandburg not yet born. According to Alfred Kreymer, these three poets along with Robinson and Pasternak, round out the Imagists, "from the savage heart of imaginative transcendence."¹

In American poetry the period before 1900 was both "the infancy and point of departure."² Emil Vissler heralded the new American literature in his plea for a new volume, *A New Era*. The new English poets found there was such a wealth of original writing and turned to their libraries for translations and other borrowings. Vissler then "like a rising wind" in 1900 left poetry

¹Alfred Kreymer, *Our Singing Strength*, p. 3.

²Louis Untermeyer, *American Poetry Since 1900*. Introduction.

Arcadia, "bringing the salt of tossing seas, the dark tang of the earth."³ Books are a bloodless substitute for life, and Whitman cried out against those seeking glamor from books instead of from life itself. All the arts lacked individuality--our paintings, our sculpture, our architecture and our music, as well as our poetry. Walt Whitman championed a nationalism that made art in America American.

It was the old straight-laced, inhibitive Puritanism of New England that prevented the arts from being expressed in America.

"This Puritanism with its dual code, its harsh insistence on impossible standards, on a high morality in public that every one violated in private passed through three interesting stages: religious tyranny, literary dictatorship, and finally into the orgies of a virulent and inhibiting censorship from which last phase we are only now emerging."⁴

From Cooper, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson,--from the sermonizing didacticism, from artificial conceits, from standardized ideals, poetry has swung back to actuality and hardihood. Whitman set the poet free. Free to look around him, to abandon himself to his reaction to the things he saw and felt about him. He set the poet free by breaking away from the traditional borrowings, from the old standards which other poets of his day rigidly followed. He began to sing in the language of the people, to make poetry a part of America,--to break the bonds of rigidity and confinement.

³Louis Untermeyer, American Poetry Since 1900, Introduction.
⁴Ibid., Introduction.

The wilderness days are over. The characteristic of the period since 1900 is its stark, clean nudity of thought and expression, a new movement begun but not mastered by the Imagists, except H. D. Even H. D. was a "little too remote from crass existence and reared towers of escape from which the boldest young rebels have fled."⁵ But escape has become increasingly difficult. Like Keats, the poet may recall strange antiquity, or like Walter de la Mare, a region filled with elves, echoes and children,--or again, like Poe, to a "moonstruck and misty No Man's Land."⁶ But unless he can make this strange world inhabited by his own especial creatures as actual as our own, the poet has failed. There is no getting away from the world's ceaseless and restless activities.

The temper of the poets has changed, however. They do not long for escape so much as they long to delve passionately, painfully into life itself, life as they see it, feel it, live it,--the old salty life impregnated with the tang of the earth. They long to feel the pulse of life under their fingertips. Not life in purple patches! But life in the whole cloth. They are not seeking to escape, to evade, but to find,--to find the truth, new values, opportunities and possibilities.

Walt Whitman heralded the glorious freedom of the poet and prophesied the new voice of America singing. Whitman

⁵Alfred Kreyborg, *Our Singing Strength*, p. 539.

⁶Louis Untermeyer, *American Poetry Since 1900*, Introduction.

was not an Imagist, and had no relation whatever with the group of Imagists which was formed much later than his time. The significance of Walt Whitman, however, in connection with Imagism, is only that he helped to blaze the trail for the Imagists, because he heralded the freedom of poetry, and the Imagists, more than any other group, took up the cry of Whitman and continued on the way to this freedom. Their tenets discussed in the second chapter give evidence to this fact, what with their freedom in the choice of subject, their plea for the common speech of man and for new cadences and rhythms and forms, they continued after that freedom which Whitman began. Imagism, as a new movement in American poetry, was marked by a seeking of liberty in poetry, a breaking away from traditional rules and standards. It was in this way that the Imagists fulfilled the prophecy of Walt Whitman. Whitman's song was chorused by the Imagists.

"I hear America singing, the varied carols

I hear,--

Each singing his--each singing what belongs to

her, and to none else----

Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs."

II

DEFINITION AND TENETS OF IMAGISM

II

DEFINITION AND TENETS OF IMAGISM

In order to understand precisely what the term, "Imagism," denotes, it is necessary to present individual definitions of this term, to select with meticulous discretion the nucleus of each definition, and then to combine these nuclei into one clarified, workable conclusion. No matter how carefully one seeks to eliminate irrelevancies, however, and to outline only that which will fit the purpose, it is practically impossible to arrive at a state of positiveness that is immune to attack,--particularly, in this regard, for Imagism is a movement which has evoked a storm of argument and vilification that can be called nothing less than assured in view of the fact that the principles of the Imagist have not been, not even revolutionarily, but simply a revival of those principles fallen into disuse.

The term itself--IMAGISM--or *imajisme*, was invented by Amy Lowell, one of the chief exponents, and was anglicized later on into its present form, IMAGISM.

Amy Lowell defines this type of verse as follows:

"Imagist verse is verse which is written in conformity with certain tenets voluntarily adopted by the poets as being those by which they consider the most worthy to be achieved."¹

¹ Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry, p. 36.

She said by so far that this statement was the right one, and, with that, nevertheless, it is their belief; and that Imagism is a particular school working within a larger movement which is claimed to be a realization of truth and beauty, a "rediscovery of beauty in our modern world, and the originality and honesty to affirm that beauty in whatever manner is native to the poet."¹

In the March, 1913 issue of POETRY, Ezra Pound stated the four cardinal principles of Imagism as follows:

1. "Direct treatment of the 'thing'--whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regards rhythm, to conform to the sequence of the musical phrase, not to sequence of a metronome.
4. To conform to the 'doctrine of the image'--which the author here has not yet defined for publication, as it does not concern the public, and would provoke useless discussion."²

The Imagists considered the first three propositions essential in defining their definition of poetry, and found that poetry only lacked the measure demanded in these principles. This lack was thought to have been capable of effecting thorough ridance of bad poetry from the literary world.

These basic statements are significant because they consist of the first publication of the Imagist credo. These points were agreed upon by the Imagists individually and collectively. These rather vague which the Imagists

¹ Amy Lowell, Unpublished Writings of Pound, American Poetry, pp. 38, 39.
² John L. Lowe, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 26.

could not work. ~~These~~ were carefully excluded. The dissimilarities of individuals of the group would have made it impossible to draw up a manifesto with which the separate members of the movement were in complete and universal accord. Had these differences been evidenced, the credo, as far as Flint was concerned, would have been drawn up in conjunction with French impressionism, whereas Aldington and G.D. would have clamored for a foundation of Hellenism.

This was not the official Imagist credo, however. To the 1915 anthology of Imagist verse was attached a ~~preface~~ expressing officially the principles of the group, written by Aldington and revised by Amy Lowell. These are the common bases that unite the group of Imagists. These are the tenets of the Imagists around which most of the fury has raged:

1. To use language of common speech, but to employ always the exact word, not the nearly exact, nor the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms, as the expressions of new moods and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. We do not insist upon free verse as the only method of writing poetry. We fight for it as a principle of liberty. We believe that the individuality of the poet may often be better expressed in free verse than in conventional forms; in poetry, a new cadence means a new idea.
3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject. It is not good art to write badly about aeroplanes and automobiles; nor is it necessarily bad art to write well about the past. We believe passionately in the artistic value of modern life, but we wish to point out that there is nothing so uninspiring nor so old-fashioned as an aeroplane of the year 1911.

4. To present an image (Hence, the name: Imagist.)
5. To produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred and indefinite.
6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is the very essence of poetry.⁴

This creed was preceded by the following paragraph:

"These principles are not new, they have fallen into disuse. They are the essentials of all great poetry, indeed of all great literature."⁵

In examining each tenet individually, it is clear that the first principle emphasizes the use of diction without inversions and clichés, without trite and hackneyed phrases,--diction exclusive of old used-up, faded expressions such as "spangled nights," "blushing dawns," "mountainous seas," and the like. Common speech does not exclude imaginative language or metaphors, but it should be natural and original to the poet instead of that parroted after some older verse.

The exact word means that word which conveys most accurately the writer's impression to the reader, the exact word to describe the effect. To illustrate, the poet may say:

"Great heaps of shiny glass
Pricked out of the stubble
By a full, high moon."⁶

This means that the stones appear in the moonlight,--not that they are glass. "The exactness is determined by the content," Amy Lowell suggests.

⁴Anthology, Some Imagist Poets, Preface.

⁵Ibid., Preface.

⁶Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.

The second tenet pertains to the present practice of using new forms. New ideas might be embodied in new cadences, whether it be in vers libre or polyphonic prose. The idea calls for its own clothing; it chooses its own parading apparel.

The third tenet voicing absolute freedom is logical. The choice of subject for poetry cannot be restricted. Anything is subject for poetry depending upon the method of handling that thing selected. A poet from whose pen flows the magic fire of the muse can make a common garden cabbage smell good and shed glamor with the proper wielding of his instruments--words. Or a waddling duck may borrow the preen of the swan for the moment! Anything which arouses the creative faculty in the poet is subject enough, whether it be wheel-barrows, chimney-stacks or totem-poles. A creative vision and the expression of this vision with words charged with fire are the essentials for the making of a poem; and certainly, no creative vision is going to be hampered by limitations as to subject matter. Immediately it ceases to be a creative vision, if the contrary be true..

There has been much discussion over the fourth tenet. The fact that these words were used: "We are not a school of painters," should offset the idea that Imagist poetry concerned itself wholly with presentation of pictures.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the smell of the sea. It was a salty, fresh scent that I had never experienced before. The sun was shining brightly, and the water was a deep, vibrant blue. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never felt before.

I walked along the beach, feeling the sand between my toes. The waves were crashing against the shore, creating a rhythmic sound that was soothing to my ears. I looked out at the horizon, where the sea met the sky. It was a beautiful sight, and I felt a sense of awe and wonder. I had never seen anything like this before.

I continued to walk, feeling the sun on my face and the breeze in my hair. I felt a sense of freedom and liberation that I had never felt before. I was alone, and I was free. I was in a world that was perfect in every way.

I walked until I was tired, and then I sat down on the sand. I looked up at the sky, where the sun was beginning to set. The colors were beautiful, and I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never felt before.

I stayed there for a long time, watching the sun go down and the stars come out. I felt a sense of peace and tranquility that I had never felt before. I was alone, and I was free. I was in a world that was perfect in every way.

I had never felt like this before. I was alone, and I was free. I was in a world that was perfect in every way.

Imagism refers not so much to the thing presented as to the manner of presentation. It is presentation, not representation. This poem of John Gould Fletcher's conveys an exact image. There are no excrescences, no artificialities which mar the image. It is clear-cut and exact.

"Flickering of incessant rain
On flashing pavements:
Sudden scurry of umbrellas:
Bending, recurved blossoms of the storm!"⁷

The highly imaginative connotations heighten the effect of the image.

The vivid presentation of the poet's idea is allied to the next tenet of the Imagist Credo--"to produce poetry which is hard and clear." This, of course, does not refer to the subject but to the rendering of it, the method of handling it. Amy Lowell says:

"Ornament may be employed so long as it follows the structural bases of a poem. That is why, although so much Imagist poetry is metaphorical, similes are sparingly used. Imagists fear the blurred effect of a too constant change of picture in the same poem."⁸

The last tenet states that "concentration is of the very essence of poetry." This rule is as old as art itself, and throws out no lines whatever upon which argument can be tied. For instance, why is the sonnet considered the very highest form of poetry? Simply because it represents the highest concentrate, the most refined essence

⁷John Gould Fletcher, Irradiations.

⁸Anthology, Some Imagist Poets, Preface.

of thought clothed in appropriate, poetical diction. The pure gold grains left after the removal of the silt and superfluous deposit. From this premise alone, if it is at all necessary to conjure up one, we may reasonably conclude that concentration is the essence of poetry and has ever been so. How many works of art are ruined by an over-doneness! a lushness!

The foregoing tenets are easily understandable. There is nothing far-fetched about them. Neither are they subtle. They are given in plain English, and, indubitably, obviously, are not so aggressive as to call for such merciless slaughter as they received; unless it be for one criticism: they are a repetition of old rules--which criticism is altogether unfair because that fact is admitted by the Imagists themselves. They were not new principles, by any means, but principles "fallen into desuetude."⁹

One further characteristic of Imagist verse which was not mentioned in the tenets is that of suggestion, the implying of something rather than the stating of it, perhaps using a metaphor, or in an even less obvious way. A poem of J. G. Fletcher's is a good example of this suggestion:

The Well
The well is not used now,
Its waters are tainted.

⁹ Anthology, Some Imagist Poets, Preface.

I remember there was once a man
 went down
 To clean it.
 He found it very bold and deep--
 With a queer niche in one of its sides
 From which he hauled forth buckets of
 bricks and dirt.

The real poem here lies beyond the picture.

The belief has already been expressed that it is astounding that these tenets should have called forth such bickering and confusion; however, it must be conceded that this storm spent its most outrageous fury after Amy Lowell came to champion these younglings of the truth-and-beauty renaissance. The fact that she herself called Imagism a rebirth of old principles tells us that it wasn't new and frightening, and that it didn't appear as any sort of officious ghost to haunt those with vitriolic tongues. The attacks on Imagism will be discussed shortly, but, in the meantime, it is imperative to keep on the tongue's end these six tenets in order to be protected from shots in the dark.

The Imagist's world, then, is full of hard, bright objects with abstractions banished and generalities doomed. It is one of simplicity and directness of speech, beauty and subtlety of rhythms, abandonment to individualistic ideas, vividness of presentation, and concentration. It is somewhat of a kaleidoscopic world outlined with objects sharp, clear-cut and definite, and at the same time sug-

gestive,--the suggestiveness, however, lying behind the image, not, under any conditions, blurring or obliterating it.

The Imagists aimed at economy of words and reduced poetic elaborateness to a minimum. They wished their poems to emerge from the pruning stage with the sharpness of outline and precision of form which belong to an assiduously sculptured statuette. The most exquisitely carved images produced in the group were those created by H. D., who, in an instant of time, in the flash of an eye, etched her vision. That which best illustrates the sharpness of outline and precision of form sought after by the Imagists is this perfect gem of H.D.'s:

"I marvelled at your height.

"You stood almost level
with the lance-bearers
and so slight.

"And I wondered as you clasped
your shoulder strap
at the strength of your wrist
and the turn of your young fingers,
and the lift of your shorn locks,
and the bronze
of your sun-burnt neck."¹⁰

Here the poet has succeeded in crystallizing in an instant an exquisitely molded image in this passage from "Loss". She has carved with her incisive instruments this model of a young Greek warrior. This passage is a perfect example, also, of the presentation of an intellectual

and emotional complex in an instant of time which was propounded by the exponents of Imagism.

Louis Untermeyer says that Imagists may be called EYE poets as distinguished from EAR poets, and that Imagism is "an overflow of the plastic and graphic arts."¹¹ Definite visual effects are thus achieved: terse color flashes, bursts of speed, and "spectacles of emotion are dramatically summoned."¹² The appeal is chiefly ocular.

Imagists sought to escape from sentiment in which poetry had been steeped too long. They wished to give it the stab, the very sting, the very point of the experience felt. It was, therefore, necessary to emphasize use of concrete detail. It was further necessary for them to use metaphor that "carries the quality of physical sensation for the object seen, heard, tasted, touched, or smelled."¹³

Briefly, the six tenets propound: use of the language of common speech; new rhythms; freedom in the choice of subject; the presentation of an image; production of poetry that is hard and clear; and rigid concentration.

With culling and gleaning from the other heterogeneous data presented, it is evident that Imagism is characterized by extreme compression and economy, concrete detail, precision of form, clarity of image, brevity, suggestiveness,

¹¹Louis Untermeyer, The New Era in American Poetry, p.236.

¹²Ibid.

¹³Ibid.

and freedom from metrical laws. It was a harmonious structure because its elements were basic.

For T.E. Hulme, the true originator of Imagism, strength of feeling, clear perception of the object, and accurate description implied the accomplished use of imagery. He contended that the emotion could not be conveyed except by "illuminating metaphor."¹⁴ To Hulme, an image was attached to each word. He wished no ornament, no decoration. He had a visual imagination; hence, his emphasis on the pictorial character of poetry. He thought new metaphors and high fancy make for accuracy and precision in poetry. The following brief lyric illustrates Hulme's idea of the short, concentrated image, starting from the premise that "a poem is the record of an emotion,"¹⁵ and that "such a record must have immediacy of feeling."¹⁶

The Embankment

"The fantasia of a fallen gentleman on a cold,
bitter night
Once, in finesse of fiddles found I ecstasy,
In the flash of gold heels on the hard pavement,
Now see I
That warmth's the very stuff of poesy.
Oh, God, make small
The old, star-eaten blanket of the sky.
That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie."¹⁷

Hulme thinks that visual meanings can only be transferred by the "new bowl of metaphor."¹⁸ He explains this charming-

¹⁴Babette Deutsch, This Modern Poetry, p. 58.

¹⁵Ibid., p. 58.

¹⁶Ibid., p. 58.

¹⁷Ezra Pound, Ripostes, Supplement.

¹⁸Ibid.

ly:

".....prose is an old pot that lets them (metaphors) leak out.....Fancy is not mere decoration added on to plain speech. Plain speech is essentially inaccurate. It is only by metaphors, that is, by fancy, that it can be made precise."¹⁹

He concludes this by emphasizing the elimination of vagueness and reliance upon the infinite, and the aim to be accurate, precise and definite in description.

It is difficult to refrain from quoting at length from Hulme, but perhaps, the following excerpts, carefully chosen, will serve to furnish the fundamental bases of the Imagist point of view, going even farther into detail than the Imagist Credo itself, and certainly told in a more attractive fashion:

"I look at the reality, at London stream, and dirt, mud, power, and then I think of the pale shadowy analogy that is used without thinking by the automatic philosophers, the 'stream of time.' The people who treat words without reference, who use analogies without thinking of them: let us always remember that solid real stream and the flat thin voice of the metaphysician, 'the stream of time!'

"We may see that the reader habitually takes words as X--without the meaning attached.

"Aphra²⁰ sees each word with an image sticking on to it, never as a flat word passed over a board like a counter.

"Perhaps the nearest analogy is the hairy caterpillar. Taking each segment of his body as a word, the hair on that segment is the vision the poet sees behind it.

¹⁹ Herbert Read, Speculations, Appendix.

²⁰ A character invented by Hulme to be the hero of a proposed philosophical allegory.

"It is difficult to do this, so that the poet is forced to use new analogies, and especially to construct a plaster model of a thing to express his emotion at the sight of the vision he sees, his wonder and ecstasy. If he employed the ordinary word, the reader would only see it as a segment, with no hair, used for getting along. And without this clay, spatial image, he does not feel that he has expressed at all what he sees.

"The ordinary caterpillar for crawling along from one position to another.

"The hairy one for beauty, to build up a solid vision of realities.

"The prose writer drags meaning along with the rope. The poet makes it stand on end and hit you.

"A sentence and a worm are the most stupid animals and the most difficult to teach tricks. They have a tendency to crawl along; it requires genius, music to make them stand up (snake charmers.).

"The uncomfortable vision of all prose as merely a line of string lying on a paper.

"Never, never, never a simple statement. It has no effect. One must always have analogies, which make another world. Through-the-glass-effect, which is what I want.

"The process of invention is that of gradually making solid the castles in the air.

"With perfect style, the solid leather for reading, each sentence should be a lump, a piece of clay, a vision seen; or, rather, a wall touched with soft fingers. Never should one feel light, vaporous bridges between one solid sense and another. No bridges--all solid: then never exasperated.

"Literature, like memory, selects only the vivid patches of life. If literature (realistic) did resemble life, it would be interminable, dreary, commonplace, eating and dressing, buttoning, with

here and there a patch of vividness.

"Life is composed of exquisite moments and the rest is shadows of them."²¹

These statements of Hulme's give us a more concrete conception of Imagism than the tenets themselves which advocate concreteness in poetry; but it must be remembered that Imagism pertains to the manner of presentation of a subject rather than to the subject itself, and that hard and fast, definitely chiseled images outlined in precise form is the method.

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Herbert Read, Speculations, Appendix.

III

ORIGINS OF IMAGISM

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ORIGINS OF IMAGISM

Imagism is not a new movement. It is a renaissance of older movements, a re-statement of earlier ideals. The origins of Imagism take us far back into literature. It has its roots, in fact, in the very beginnings of poetry. Like all literary movements, Imagism was a reaction against poetry of the immediate past, against the adjective-rife verse of the predecessors of the Imagists in England and America. These advocates of the new movement came forth with a new technique, a new convention supported by a belief in order, and an adherence to ethical and political discipline. It was opposed to art of the immediate past by reason of its acknowledgment of human limitations, and the clarity and precision of its style. It was opposed to the art of the remote past because it expressed the change of sensibility effected by the machine age.

Its two sources of influence were ancient and modern; they were furnished by inspirational ideals of such ancient literatures as Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese and Japanese. Such models as Sappho, Catullus, Villon, Heine, Gautier and Chaucer were employed, but the most important influence was the modern one--the French influence, because it re-inforced the Imagists' belief in their neo-classicism,

clarified their ideals, offered them examples of organized poetry movements, and gave them a method of propaganda.

In thus sharpening their tools, the Imagists turned to France whose writers have been more analytical in theory and practice than those in other countries. In the careful prose of Flaubert, in the criticism of Remy de Gourmont and in the poetry of the Symbolists, they found the stimulus they needed. Flaubert had pursued his art in the spirit of Dante, in his search for "le mot juste," the most exact word. De Gourmont said that the one excuse for writing was that a man should "write himself down,"¹ and that the essence of a style was to feel, to see, and to think. His theory was not unlike that of the Zen aesthete who believed that "unless the artist's work is imbued with the visions of the subjective, his productions will be mere toys."²

Remy de Gourmont saw in Imagism a natural development of Symbolism. It was a kind of inverted symbolism; instead of teasing the mind with a culmination of tremulous images, blending one into the other, the Imagist conjured a feeling of wonder by making vivid the naked impact of the object upon the senses in a concentrated metaphor. Both movements were genial toward the development of psychology and its evidence that the image, the symbol, "floating up from the depths of the mind, was the most faithful ambassador of the psyche."³

¹Babbette Deutsch, This Modern Poetry, p. 60.
²Ranjee G. Shahani, The Coming of Karuna, "Zen Buddhism," p.16.
³Babbette Deutsch, This Modern Poetry, p.61.

Glenn Hughes calls Symbolism the principal forerunner of Imagism.⁴ In 1860 a group of French poets declared war on romanticism and called themselves the Parnassians. Between 1866 and 1876, they published three anthologies of poetry under the general title of Le Parnasse Contemporain. Among the contributors were Stephane Mallarme, Leconte de Lisle, Paul Verlaine, Francois Coppee and Catulle Mendes. Orderliness of form and objectivity were their ideals. By objectivity, they meant a tendency to present the phenomena of the external world descriptively, and to restrain undue personal emotion.

Among this group of Parnassians, however, there were those who were not content to confine themselves to objective realism, but who wished development along more spiritual lines. This group withdrew from the Parnassians, and gave rise to a new school, the Symbolists. Verlaine and Mallarme were chiefly responsible for this school, both of them disciples of an earlier Parnassian, Charles Baudelaire, who is considered the real father of Symbolism. As early as 1857, Baudelaire had struck the note which was to sound through Symbolism and Imagism--a note of modernism illustrated by these lines:

"Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies,
.....et d'autres, corrompus, riches et triomphants....."⁵

⁴Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 4.

⁵Ibid., p. 5.

Although the Parnassians were powerful precursors of Symbolism, their influence was rivaled by that of the individualist, Arthur Rimbaud, who, in the early 'seventies conceived a poetry which was to serve as an inspiration to the most characteristic symbolists.

It remained, however, for others to gather together the ideals of these trail-blazers, to refine them and crystallize them into a doctrine and to give this doctrine a name. The word Symbolism was first used in 1885 for poets of the new school and the leader of the organization and conceiver of the name was Jean Moreas. Symbolism was the dominant force in French poetry from 1885 to 1900. Other movements which bobbed up at the time overlapped with Symbolism, but the rapidity with which these new orders sprang up,--almost overnight like toadstools--necessitated a re-statement of the principles of Symbolism. It was impossible, however, to gather all the symbolists under one banner; therefore, the doctrine lapsed into generalities and obscurities, until the re-grouping. This took place in 1891 when the classicist element issued a manifesto and clamored for the recovery of the formality and restraint of the Greek and Roman masters.

The radicals scattered in all directions, each offshoot evolving an "ism" of its own, always leaning toward more freedom and novelty of content. Such groups developed as the "cubists," the "fantastists," the "unanimists," the

"dadaists," and the "sur-realists." There was no place under the sun better than France for the evolving of new "isms," and the rapid and frequent rise and fall of school after school, and movement after movement; so the poets could revel in their abandonment to caprice. With the exception of the last two groups, the "dadaists" and the "sur-realists," all these schools may be considered the forerunners of the Imagists. They offered every conceivable ideal and the Imagists took advantage, the first to found their own work on the successes of French experiment.

That the Imagists drew direct inspiration from the French is indisputable. Most of the Imagists were omnivorous readers of French poetry. To Gautier, Ezra Pound owes most. F. S. Flint read much of this poetry, and did translations from Jean de Boscchère and Emile Verhaeren. Amy Lowell probably modelled her work after Henri de Regnier and Paul Fort; while Fletcher ran the gamut of Symbolism.⁶ H. D. and Richard Aldington turned the pages of literary history back much farther than the French influence, bringing to life again the remote past, the past in a new way, that of the modern Imagist. The ancient classical poets were clothed in fresh garments. These two rather absorbed the French spirit as a whole.

From the foreign sources of Imagism, we turn to its native origins. The real father of Imagism, the man to whom

⁶ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 8.

is accredited much of the theory and the first specimens of Imagism was T. E. Hulme whose propoundings were given in some detail in the preceding chapter. He was the center of a group of poets working toward a new method. Even though he is so strong an advocate of the idea that there is beauty in small, dry things, Hulme realizes that emotion is the matrix of poetry.

This aesthetic philosopher was an Englishman, born in 1883, and lived a life of restless independence. In connection with his study of philosophy, he translated works of Berson and Sorel. He published a few articles in periodicals and a meager group of five lyrics as a supplement to Ezra Pound's Ripostes. Hulme was killed in the World War in 1917.

In 1909 Hulme made the acquaintance of F.S. Flint, advocater of vers libre and the two developed a new society, a dining-and-chatting group who met at a Soho restaurant.

In an article entitled "The History of Imagism", Flint throws some light on the origins of Imagism?

"I think that what brought the real nucleus of this group together was a dissatisfaction with English poetry as it was then (and is still, alas!) being written. We proposed at various times to replace it by pure vers libre, by the Japanese tanka and haikai.....by poems in a sacred Hebrew form;In all this Hulme was ringleader. He insisted too on absolutely accurate presentation and no verbiage.....There was also a lot of talk and and practice among us....of what we called the IMAGE.

F.S. Flint, The EGOIST, May 1, 1915.

We were very much influenced by Modern French Symbolist poetry."⁸

In April 1909, Pound joined the group. In 1912, he published Hulme's poems at the end of his volume, Ripostes, with a preface as follows:

"As for the future, Les Imagistes, the descendants of the forgotten school of 1909 (previously referred to as the School of Images) have that in their keeping."⁹

Pound invented the term IMAGISME, and introduced it to America in 1912 in the November issue of POETRY, wherein appeared poems by Richard Aldington with a note classifying him as an "Imagiste." In 1913 in the January issue of POETRY, Pound said, "The youngest school here that has the nerve to call itself a school is that of the Imagistes." In this issue also appeared three poems signed, "H.D., Imagiste." By the time Amy Lowell began fighting for the principles of this movement, Pound had "twitched his mantle and gone to meet tomorrow in a fresh woods and pastures anew." Miss Lowell later was to chuckle, "Poor Ezra! He sawed off the branch he was sitting on!"¹⁰ Pound had been keen in his enthusiasm for this new school, the Imagists, but after his gala launching of the movement, this red-hot interest began to cool. As Glenn Hughes puts it, "He will lead a charge, but will not remain to hold the gained position."¹¹

⁸F.S. Flint, The EGOIST, May 1, 1915.

⁹Ezra Pound, Ripostes, Preface.

¹⁰S. Foster Damon, Amy Lowell, p. 231.

¹¹Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 34.

In conjunction with Gaudier-Brzeska and Wyndham Lewis, the French sculptor and English painter-and-novelist, Pound blazoned new banners to the tune of another "ism," namely, "vorticism." It remained for Amy Lowell to pick up his cast-off stepchild, brush it off and take it to her ample bosom. She was the fairy godmother of the Imagist movement, gathering her flock about her, and re-arming them for new skirmishes on new battlegrounds.

Amy Lowell put out three anthologies of Imagist poetry, the first of which contained a preface in which she re-stated the ideas of Pound and Hulme, except for her insistence on use of the language of common speech. Her role was three-fold: an Imagist poet, the business agent of the Imagists, and the chief critical interpreter of this new poetry in America. Through Amy Lowell's call to young poets to dine and wine with her in her sumptuous suite at the Berkeley, the personnel was determined, and the six poets who became the official Imagists were: Richard Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F.S. Flint, D.H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell,--three Americans (H.D., Fletcher, and Lowell), and three Englishmen (Aldington, Flint, and Lawrence).

Imagism, thus started with T. E. Hulme, the true originator of the idea of the "image" in poetry, given its name by Ezra Pound and instituted as a new movement by him also, was re-organized by Amy Lowell into an official group of Imagists, and started on its way to a career, albeit stormy.

IV

CRITICISM OF IMAGISM

IV

CRITICISM OF IMAGISM

It is not amazing, after all, that the school of Imagists was savagely attacked by critics, both thinking and unthinking; nor is it astounding that enemies seemed to loom up on all sides, shining and sharpening their weapons and advancing,--some like foolhardy young children charging on stick horses. Unthinking critics grabbed at a straw; any amount of deliberative forethought would have exposed the fallacy of their general accusations and obscurely planned offenses toward the Imagist tenets. All new or even revived credos must run the gamut of attack before recognition takes place. Swords are drawn, fists are flourished, and emphatic words color the air while the furor of the melee rises and falls, finally to settle, -- usually in favor of the new form. There is nothing like publicity for a movement; and no more effective publicity is assured than that aroused by a good sound two-sided argument. Particularly, are artistic forms a subject for squabble. It is slightly amusing to think of poets and critics growling over Imagism as a litter of pups might go for an old bone dug up from its hiding place in the ground.

One might have expected a number of professional critics to take aim at the revived movement, but records show that very few, either in America or England, were adequately keen

CHAPTER IV

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM 1789 TO 1800.

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in perception to evaluate what has since come to be known and recognized as good work. Prejudice discolored their horizon and hindered favorable criticism for the most part. However, not all criticism aimed at the Imagists was amiss, nor was all the criticism mere prejudice. An open attitude should stand ready to judge. It is only fair to see both sides of this argument and to present them.

It was the Imagists themselves who furnished every incentive for a violent reaction; while, on the other hand, it was their tenets that sought to clarify their intentions and to forestall revolution in the ranks of the critics. This group consisted of young, provocative individualists who were over-conscious of literary revolts and they made their own attacks with bravado which was spectacular. They carried America, but never could convince England of their worthiness. After twenty years, Imagist poetry still fails in its appeal to England. The romantic tradition probably is too strong there. Whereas, these younglings of the artistic renaissance which they fostered exerted characteristic boldness in order to sweep England and America to their way of thinking and thereby, provoked unyielding criticism. On the contrary, their tenets could not be mistaken, and as was mentioned before, the Imagists did not attempt to spring a brand new movement upon the literary world, but only to revive principles fallen into disuse. With abandonment,

the enemies of Imagism must have overlooked this particular phrase in the preface to the tenets, because they blindly attacked the tenets and the movement as a whole. It is no doubt that Amy Lowell's appearance in England, her impressive and not unwelcome intrusion in the group of young poets (except for Pound, perhaps), stirred the nebulous criticism to its seething stage.

All the criticisms advanced are interesting and there are many grains of truth to be harvested from studying them. In order to get the best survey of the critical mind toward Imagism, it is more practicable to present opinions of prominent critics who injected their stimulus in the movement. By conning these remarks, interesting conclusions may be drawn. At least, one's own scales of criticism may be intelligently balanced, and whatever arbitrary attitudes seem to cling may be reasonably modified.

Mr. Harold Monro extended the first view of Imagism and in a rather harsh tone enumerated the difficulties faced by the Imagists and foresaw little longstanding success for a movement bound by such restrictions as they set up for themselves. Mr. Monro was particularly upset by the sentence in their tenets which reads, "In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea." He changed this effectively to this end: "In poetry, a new idea means a new cadence." Which, after all, is not amiss, because logically, the idea

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should come first, then the proper cadence to carry the idea. Quoting from the EGOIST, there is this charge of Mr. Monro against the Imagist movement in England:

"The English movement was from the first not broad enough. Several of the Imagists seem to have been struck partially blind at the first sight of their new world; and they are still blinking. Some simply made the discovery, and started preparing their public before they had written their poetry.

.....
The forms they still felt they might use, the vocabulary that remained at their disposal, were so extremely limited; so much good material had to be thrown into the large wastepaper basket of CLICHE that they remained now almost unprovided with a language of a style."¹

Mr. F. M. Hueffer furnished a more personal outlook upon Imagism to the OUTLOOK in London under the title, "A Jubilee." (Jubilee has reference to Mr. Hueffer's 25th anniversary as literary critic). It is noteworthy to quote at length from Hueffer:

".....Supposing that my young friends, the Imagists were children of my teaching. I expect that, with one accord they would get up and say that they had never heard of me. The world is like that. But still, unceasingly, in season and out, for a quarter of a century, I have preached the doctrine that my young friends now inscribe on the banner of their movement. So I may have led their movement. So I may ---blowing, as it were, into a discordant gourd, in the dust of the wilderness, miles ahead, and no doubt unworthy to unloosen the shoe-latches now that I am overtaken."²

Speaking specifically of the Imagists, he continues:

"Of the six poets printed in this anthology (Some Imagist Poets--1915), only two--H.D. and F.S. Flint--have the really exquisite sense of

¹Harold Monro, The EGOIST, "The Imagists Discussed," May 1, 1915.
²F.M. Hueffer, The OUTLOOK, "A Jubilee," July 10, 1915.

words, the really exquisite tranquillity, beauty of diction, and insight that justify a writer in assuming the rather proud title of Imagist--of issuing, that is to say, that challenge, that they will rouse emotions solely by rendering concrete objects, sounds, and aspects. Mr. D.H. Lawrence is a fine poet, but he employs similes, or rather the employment of similes is too essential a part of his methods to let his work, for the time being, have much claim to the epithets "restrained" or "exact." (What I mean is that although it may be ingenious writing to say that a wave looks like green jade, Stephen Crane's statement as to waves seen from a small boat, 'the waves were barbarous and abrupt,' is the real right thing.) Mr. J. G. Fletcher, Mr. Aldington, and Miss Lowell are all too occupied with themselves and their emotions to be really called Imagists. It is no doubt right to be dissatisfied with the world, or with the circumstances of your life in childhood, or to make your mark in the world by writing as if you were Paganini or Tartini of the 'Trillo'. But that is really not business--³though, of course, it is business as usual."

He further remarked upon Miss Lowell's cleverness and Mr. Lawrence's touch of greatness. He accords Flint a place as "one of the greatest men and one of the most beautiful spirits in the country." His tribute to H.D. is rather superb, crediting what he called an "out-of-joint world" with producing her. On the whole, Hueffer's criticism is heartening, whether biased or not, and had its significance in being one of the few sympathetic responses to Imagism in England. He seemed to feel that "English letters" should be proud of such poets and went so far as to say, "Their movement is about the only literary thing that much matters to-day."

³F.M. Hueffer, The OUTLOOK, "A Jubilee," July 10, 1915.

In America, Floyd Dell voiced a warm sympathy for the strugglers, and was among the first to set forth any opinion. In the Chicago TRIBUNE in the spring of 1913 after the appearance of the Imagist credo in POETRY, Dell remarked:

"If this is Imagism....we are for establishing Imagism by constitutional amendment and imprisoning without recourse to ink or paper all literary ladies or gents who break any of these canons."

Floyd Dell was not the only one to realize the basic value of these tents of the Imagists but was the first to make public his expression. It was not until 1915 that the controversy began in all seriousness when the energy of Miss Lowell was the force that propelled this movement into confusion.

Conrad Aiken did not mince words. His reaction toward Imagism was sharp and stiff, and in his denunciation of the lack of emotional force in Imagist poetry, he had a feeling akin to that of Louis Untermeyer who accused the Imagists of stripping their lines of "physical feeling and substituting a purely intellectual thrill for the conflict of an ordinary emotion."⁴ Conrad Aiken expressed it like this:

"Having misled us into expecting arrows in the heart, they shoot pretty darts at the mere sophisticated brain. They give us frail pictures, whiffs of windy beaches, marshes, meadows, city streets, disheveled leaves; pictures pleasant and suggestive enough. But seldom is there any of them more than a nice description, coolly sensuous, a rustle to the ear, a ripple to the eye. Of

⁴Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry.

organic movement there is practically none."⁵

Aiken felt that J.G. Fletcher was the best of the group because he showed a feeling for movement, flow and balance, while the rest seemed to be music deaf.

These criticisms of Untermeyer and Aiken in regard to lack of emotion force rather shy the mark, however, since the Imagists never emphasized the emotional nature of their poetry, but rather, it should be remembered their credo had to do with these things: diction, rhythm, freedom of subject, image, hardness and clarity, and concentration.

Louis Untermeyer always has his own peculiar way of "hitting the nail on the head." He has a knack of close concentration and easy observation of those things which seem to him to be at odds in whatever he studies. However, he confined his attacks to parts of the credo itself, making the charge that the chief trouble with this movement under discussion was not in their attitude toward literature, but toward life. He maintained that their poetry did not concern itself so much with "the language of common speech" as it purports to, that they produced "a plethora of poetry that was anything but 'hard and clear'" and that "they were false to their own creed, except in the statement that dealt with choice of subject."⁶

"This demand for a full expression caused much

⁵Conrad Aiken, The NEW REPUBLIC, "Place of Imagism," May 22, 1915.
⁶Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry, "The Imagists."

hurling of such epithets as "atheists," "anarchists," etc., by those placid conservatives who felt that poetry should deal only with what could be made precise and pretty; it enraged those to whom liberty in any form is repugnant. True, it waxes often free of everything from rules to reticence, it was in fact, widely varietistic.....They assumed as an essential the questionable desirability of cosmopolitanism in art; they were continually falling in love with a new 'influence!'"⁷

Untermeyer cited their allegiance to other rules such as French and Japanese standards in spite of their independence and voiced opposition to other principles.

One of the most interesting accusations made is that by Untermeyer completely disputing the effective following of the tenet which declares, "We are not a school of painters." He purported that in this very denial that they called attention to their chief weakness, because a good deal of their work was derived not merely from painting, but from the technique of painting. The critic-poet went further to denounce the efficaciousness of this declaration by suggesting that the Imagists were all too completely satisfied to carve one lone, isolated image and make it serve as a whole work; they spent too much energy upon one aspect, which "a more robust creator would have thrown off as an illuminating bit to be fused with something warmer and larger."⁸ In considering such isolated images ends in themselves, they manifested their preoccupation with music and

⁷ Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry, "The Imagists."
⁸ Ibid.

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painting. Their attempts to reproduce such effects "revealed an art less concerned with its own power than with ideas taken from the arts and showed a certain poverty of poetic feeling, a certain slightness of inspiration not compatible with the creation of vital poetry."⁹

Alfred Kreymborg expressed astonishment toward the critics who blindly attacked Imagist tenets. The statement was plain that this movement was a revival. Here are his remarks championing their revival of an old form:

"No man of worth tried to do away with form. Form was the very thing he sought and sought in many cases, to the exclusion of all else. The form was something which should give permanent shape to an intrinsic mood or experience. Since no two moods or actions were alike, no two forms could be identical. The error most of us made came out from the notion that no man could express his own self in traditional forms. It was a glorious error that led to some of the richest writings the country had ever known. Looking about them, the romantic radicals had nearly every reason for assuming that the old forms were outmoded and useless. So far as they could tell in those dark lonely days, no one had the power to revive the old forms, give them an indigenous turn, stamp them with his own being, apart from all other beings."¹⁰

Professor William Ellery Leonard made the most thorough and serious attempt to destroy Imagism yet recorded. Professor Glenn Hughes calls this harangue of Professor Leonard's "frenzied in passion.....striking in illustrations and parodies, and brilliant even in its false moments; unfair because it is inspired by aesthetic hatred."¹¹

⁹Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry, "The Imagists".

¹⁰Alfred Kreymborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 337.

¹¹Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 54.

Professor Leonard, the University of Wisconsin English instructor, says in part:

"Their manifestos are prettily adorned with occult references to Japanese poetry and criticism, with much expenditure of printer's ink in spelling out exotic looking syllables in ki,ka, and ko. They are indeed very skilful in the artistic use of the exotic. Which seems strange. For what is the psychology of the exotic but the generation of a mood, wistful, far, romantic,--and is this, is this a poetic effect induced in the delightful reader's mind by their one poetic cathartic, the image?"¹²

Professor Hughes (of the University of Washington) attacked Leonard's foregoing criticism by stating that at the time Leonard wrote it, none of the six Imagists had shown any particular leaning toward Oriental poetry except Pound, perhaps; also Professor Leonard's implication is wrong, Hughes added, the implication that the image is incompatible to the creation of a poetic mood. Professor Hughes upheld his counter-criticism by saying that Japanese poetry was frequently pure Imagism, and that, above all other types of poetry, it aimed at the creation of a mood.

Professor Leonard sought to assemble his various and heterogeneous attacks on Imagism and organized them into the four propositions that follow:

1. The Imagists can't see straight.
2. The Imagists can't feel straight.
3. The Imagists can't think straight.
4. The Imagists can't talk straight.¹³

¹²William Ellery Leonard, The Chicago EVENING POST, Sept. 18, 1915.

¹³Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 56.

In brief, he attempted to prove these propositions in turn with supporting statements something like these: exaggeration of sense and sight, abnormality of physical eye; their barbarous diction coming from the fact that they can't feel, their search for words and emotion alike resulting in a dullness of feeling inhibiting real emotion; their attempt to record sense impressions hindering real thought; and their evasion of telling what they have to say!

It is true that Professor Leonard has let go like a child in his unlimited and sarcastic assault upon Imagism. Some of the accusations he makes are tenable. As Professor Hughes conjectures, "That certain of them indicated the weak points in Imagism cannot be denied, but it is rather cheap to expose a literary method by only bad examples of that method."¹⁴

Reaction to Imagism was active, and, in some cases, virulent and violent. The foregoing resumes clearly evidence this fact. Practically all the important views of this movement have been given. Criticism of Imagism tends to become milder and more sympathetic of late. The "newness" of the revival of the old is doubtless wearing off and the dissenting voices have hushed into whispers.

England still maintains its silent, ignoring attitude toward Imagism which it has embraced since the beginnings of the movement. America which protested most violently, yield-

¹⁴ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 59.

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ed in the end, and now recognizes it as a legitimate school in the field of poetry.

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THE PROSE-POETRY CONTROVERSY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1924

V

THE PROSE-POETRY CONTROVERSY

Imagism involved another revival as well as that of truth and beauty. That was the ancient controversy over the distinction between prose and poetry. Early critical reactions to Imagism reveal critics who verged upon this subject, some who made poems in the whole cloth from prose, and, on the contrary, reduced certain poems to prose. Professor John Livingston Lowes of Harvard University does this most notably in his volume, CONVENTION AND REVOLT IN POETRY, wherein he views this situation from various angles and seeks to untangle the intricacies of this complicated problem. Since he believes that Amy Lowell has worked more assiduously than any one else to arrive at a suitable definition of free verse, he selects a number of statements from her expository theories embodying this subject to form the cornerstone for his own argument.

The definition of vers libre is: a verse-form based on cadence.

To understand vers libre, one must abandon all desire to find in it the even rhythm of metrical feet. One must allow the lines to flow as they will when read aloud by an intelligent reader.

Free verse within its own law of cadence has no absolute rules; it would not be "free" if it had. The unit of vers libre is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quantity of the line. The unit is the strophe, which may be the whole poem, or may be only a part. Each strophe is a complete circle.¹

¹John Livingston Lowes, Convention and Revolt in Poetry, p.257.

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Professor Lowes concludes that there is reason in Miss Lowell's theories, and finds that this reason is consistent even after applying these rules to specimens of free verse and of prose. In spite of the fact that "The rhythms of vers libre in English.....are in large degree the rhythms of a certain type of modern rhythmic prose,"² this critic cannot deny the logic of Miss Lowell's argument. He thinks it is not justifiable to consider free verse prose.

He cites the following as support for this lack of justification:

"There are differences which set the one off from the other. The prose from which I have pulled my excerpts does not maintain unbrokenly the rhythms which I have shown it to possess. If it did, we should certainly hesitate to call it prose. The best free verse poems, on the other hand, do maintain these rhythms consistently. And that is an important difference: the rhythms which are occasional in one are persistent in the other."³

However, at the same time, Professor Lowes sounds a warning to those brave souls who fare forth valiantly into that "No Man's Land....open to fire from two sides at once," that borderland between prose and poetry, a strip of consecrated ground, fought for and won by the poets, but still a battleground ever susceptible to attack. Sooner or later, more offense will loom in the offing, and the defensive muskets will have to be raised by those treading the dangerous ground. It is almost certain that sharper definitions will

² John Livingstone Lowes, Convention and Revolt in Poetry, p.258.

³Ibid., p. 258.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607 U.S.A.

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be forced.

On the other hand, there are indubitably yet undeveloped possibilities in free verse as an artistic medium and in spite of the dangers lurking around the edges of this battleground, free verse is "gradually being perfected as an instrument of delicate precision and rare flexibility for recording the impressions of observed phenomena,"⁴ says Professor Lowes.

Professor Hughes thinks that Professor Lowes' viewpoint typifies those reached by the majority of American readers. This controversy is a logical one to consider, because it grew immediately out of the Imagist movement.

In England, this controversy between prose and poetry was the most distinct result of the Imagist movement. To restrict a discussion which could easily reach length proportions, the contentions of only a small group of writers will be cited, chiefly, the Imagists themselves, who are qualified to comment on this point. These comments do not partake wholly of arbitrary statements of reactionaries or of those radically prejudiced against free verse, because doubtlessly, the most worthwhile exposition is from those who hover toward the middle ground and think through this matter without the obstruction of prejudice.

So modern a poet as T.S. Eliot holds an arbitrary position toward free verse:

⁴John Livingston Lowes, Convention and Revolt in Poetry, p.263.

"It is assumed that vers libre exists. It is assumed that vers libre is a school; that it consists of certain theories; that its group or groups of theorists will either revolutionize or demoralize poetry if their attack upon the iambic pentameter meets with any success. Vers libre does not exist, and it is time that this preposterous fiction followed the elan vital and the eighty thousand Russians into oblivion."⁵

He further insists:

"Vers libre has not even the excuse of a polemic; it is a battle-cry of freedom, and there is no freedom in art. And as the so-called vers libre which is good is anything but 'free', it can better be defended under some other label.

"We may, therefore, formulate as follows: the ghost of some simple meter should lurk behind the arras in even the "freest" verse, to advance menacingly as we doze, and withdraw as we arouse. Or, freedom is only truly freedom when it appears against the background of an artificial limitation!"⁶

His final statement was that "Vers libre does not exist, for there is only good verse, bad verse, and chaos."⁷

Since Eliot didn't accept free verse as "verse"-- either good or bad, the only category left to which it might be delegated was "chaos." These oats, no matter how well sown, were not meant for the planting. They struck fire with the Imagists and not long afterwards, John Gould Fletcher sent a reply to the editor of the NEW STATESMAN which said:

"It is all very well for Mr. Eliot to declare that the same thing has been done already by Webster and Blake and Matthew Arnold, and that nothing was said about vers libre by these men. Does that affect the fact that once a thing is deliberately and constantly

⁵ T.S. Eliot, The NEW STATESMAN, March 3, 1917.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

practised a new name has to be found for it?
Can Mr. Eliot suggest a more appropriate name
than vers libre?⁸

Two months later, however, the fact was evidenced that Mr. Eliot was not convinced of the validity of Fletcher's statements, because he reiterates his position and enters into another dispute by commenting upon the prose-poem which was then under fire. He mentioned the growing popularity of this form, its French origins, and declared that "no one has come forward with any theory to disprove that the only distinction between poetry and prose is that 'poetry is written in verse, and prose is written in prose; or, in other words, that there is prose rhythm and verse rhythm.'"⁹

T.S. Eliot attacked Richard Aldington upon the grounds that part of his work failed because it was neither poetry nor prose, and that this part of which he (Eliot) speaks is unfairly called vers libre. Some of his charges were that Aldington seemed to be evasive of the prose-poetry line of demarcation, that he confused the two and seemed to use them interchangeably whenever he chose and in this way, tended toward loss of proper rhythm and led the reader astray. He added that there should be a technical distinction between prose and poetry and that Mr. Aldington's prose poems sought to evade this distinction.

⁸ John Gould Fletcher, The NEW STATESMAN, March 24, 1917.
⁹ T.S. Eliot, The NEW STATESMAN, May 19, 1917.

Richard Aldington attempted to defend his theory of the prose-poem, and asserted that the prose-poem is poetic content expressed in prose form. This definition was made the starting-point for an essay of T.S. Eliot's entitled "Prose and Verse" published in conjunction with two other essays on this subject by Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington in THE CHAPBOOK for April, 1921. Eliot branded this definition of Aldington's as inadequate and commented further:

"Poetic content must be either the sort of thing that is usually, or the sort of thing that ought to be, expressed in verse. But if you say the latter, the prose poem is ruled out; if you say the former, you have said only that certain things can be said in either prose or verse. I am not disposed to contest either of these conclusions, as they stand, but they do not appear to bring us any nearer to a definition of the prose-poem. I do not assume the identification of poetry with verse; good poetry is obviously something else besides good verse; and good verse may be very indifferent poetry."

The main difference in the attitude of Aldington and Eliot is that the former was willing to accept "prose-poem" as a term and to accord it a separate position as a standing art form of its own. Both poets agreed that there was no sharp clarity in the distinction between poetry and prose, but where Aldington felt there was justification in choosing passages from prose and calling them "poems in prose," Eliot called a halt and adhered to his reputation for exactness.

F.S. Flint, one of the original Imagists, held a more friendly attitude and viewed this situation with an interest in expanding the field of poetry. To him, the term poetry em-

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29. The twenty-ninth part is a report on the state of the Union, prepared by the President.

30. The thirtieth part is a report on the state of the Union, prepared by the President.

braced all writing wherein there was felt the warmth of human experience and imagination. Prose and unrhymed cadence are not wholly apart from each other, he concedes, when he says:

"The one merges into the other; there is no boundary line between them; but prose, generally, will be used for the more objective branches of writing, for novels, plays, essays, and so on, and poetry in this form is accepted with so much goodwill that I have some misgivings in applying to it its rightful name; cadence will be used for personal, emotional, lyric utterances, in which the phrasing goes with a stronger beat and the words live together with an intenser flame. If you ask why cadence should **not** be printed as prose, the reply is that the unequal lines mark the movement of the cadence and its tempo."¹⁰

The Imagists held this view also. Substitution of cadence for meter as a means for distinguishing between the two was held by the Imagists as legitimate and effective. Amy Lowell was the advocate of this theory in America and Richard Aldington in England, with John Gould Fletcher shouting its merits on both sides of the Atlantic.

In the preface to his book, Irradiations: Sand and Spray, Mr. Fletcher delved into argument about prose-and-poetry, maintaining that poetry was capable of as many "gradations in cadence as music is in time." He contended that a good poem was that in which the different effects mentioned were properly utilized to express the underlying emotions, and that the good poem welded into an artistic whole a free range of emotions.

¹⁰ F.S. Flint, Otherworld, Preface.

I am writing to you to tell you that I am very well and hope you are the same. I am writing to you to tell you that I am very well and hope you are the same.

Yours truly,

I am writing to you to tell you that I am very well and hope you are the same. I am writing to you to tell you that I am very well and hope you are the same. I am writing to you to tell you that I am very well and hope you are the same.

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In the preface to another book, Goblins and Pagodas, he entered the argument again, this time with a psychological distinction between prose and free verse in which he said that prose emotions are those that are "capable of development in a straight line," but in poetry, there is a succession of curves.

"The direction of the thought is not in a straight line, but wavy and spiral. It rises and falls on gusts of strong emotion. Most often it creates strongly marked loops and circles. The structure of the stanza or strophe always tends to the spherical. Depth is obtained by making one sphere contain a number of concentric or overlapping spheres."

Just as they maintained that their Imagist credo was not new, the adherents of Imagism also realized that these theories of cadence were old and had either been forgotten or neglected. They contended that the reading public objected to the name vers libre, and not to the thing itself.

Herbert Read, English critic, states:

"Poetry is creative expression; prose is constructive expression. By creative, I mean original. In poetry, the words are born or reborn in the act of thinking....There is no time interval between the words and the thought. The thought is the word and the word is the thought, and both the thought and word are Poetry.

"Constructive implies ready-made materials: words stacked round the builder, ready for use. Prose is a structure of ready-made words."¹¹

Even though classification of meter, cadence, quantity and the like cannot solve this acute problem, the poetry-prose one, Herbert Read's suggestion is interesting and goes a

¹¹ Herbert Read, English Prose Style, Introduction.

long way towards convincing the skeptical, because he clearly puts forth the distinction between the two as one of mental activity, and his explanation is lucid. He strengthens his position by stating that the recognition of originality is an instinctive one, thus foregoing any pertinent question as to the definition of originality which have have easily been raised.

VI

IMAGIST POETS AND THEIR POETRY

H. D.

The Classical Sculptor

THE
JOURNAL OF
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ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

VI

IMAGIST POETS

The official members of the Imagist group are H.D., (Hilda Doolittle), John Gould Fletcher, and Amy Lowell, Americans; and Richard Aldington, F.S. Flint, and D.H. Lawrence, Englishmen. These poets will be discussed in this order, a very brief summary of their lives given, followed by selected illustrations of their poetry with critical comment.

H.D.

Hilda Doolittle, daughter of Professor Charles L. Doolittle, Director of the Flower Astronomical Observatory, was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, September 10, 1886. She attended public schools in the suburbs of Philadelphia, then entered a private school and remained there until 1902 when she left to be prepared for college at Friend's Central School. In the autumn of 1904, she entered Bryn Mawr where she proved to be a good student, particularly in Greek and Latin which she managed to read as easily as others did French. However, due to the fact that her health failed, she was obliged to leave in her sophomore year. The next few years were spent in an attempt to regain her health and at this time trial flights of literature were made, but to no particular avail. She was faced with a loneliness of surrounding that she never forgot, a loneliness from which many poets of this

generation have suffered. It was not long, however, before her children's stories began to appear in a Presbyterian paper in Philadelphia.

In 1911 she went abroad on merely a summer trip, but found France and Italy so enchanting that she found solace for her craving for loveliness and beauty. London also supplied her with a stimulus which she needed, that of literary companionship. At that time, London was an El Dorado for young poets. Here she found the world of art she had been seeking as well as the beauty and companionship her spirit demanded. She had known Ezra Pound before in Philadelphia, and it was not long after she arrived in London that she had become a member of that small band of insurgent poets. Pound perceived her undeniable talent, and only this spark was needed to set her spirit's fire wildly aglow. Using some of her poetry as illustrations of Imagist verse, Pound sent them to POETRY in Chicago, where it appeared under the banner of the new school, the Imagists.

H.D. became acquainted with Richard Aldington who was interested in the same things as she. Together they delved into the intricacies of Greek culture, a discussion of the flawless purity of Greek models, and the Hellenic outlook. The two were married in October of 1913.

During the winter of 1913, Pound collected a number of poems illustrating the Imagist point of view in Des Imagistes

in which volume H.D. had some excellent work. From this beginning, H.D. has achieved far-flung literary success. She is regarded as the most perfect Imagist, in fact, the only true Imagist. From the very first poems that were printed under the Imagist banner, she has not swerved in her allegiance to the movement.

H.D. has a "strange, faun-like, dryad quality; and seems always as though just startled from a brake of fern,"¹ Amy Lowell said. Her poems are as fragile as shells and as transparent, but at the same time, her modeling is as deftly done as that of a Parian marble statue. The poems of H.D. gloriously achieve a beauty of cadence which has never been surpassed by other adherents of vers libre. They are usually kept to a key, of the woodland, of nymphs. Even in her more robust poems of the Greek gods and warriors, there is an element of fragility, of haunting delicacy.

Alfred Kreyborg says of the only true Imagist:

"Not alone has she mastered the single string she plays so poignantly and hauntingly but with each performance, the vibrations grow richer, more moving; in her steady development she still adheres to the 'exact word,' to 'poetry that is hard and clear,' never blurred or indefinite.....Cadences echo the meanings as faithfully as in the fragmentary relics of her great idol, Sappho. More than any other descendant of the immortal Lesbian, this American deserves the proverbial laurel. But H.D. is no mere follower or imitator. The life and music of her poems are inevitably her own."²

¹Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,

²Alfred Kreyborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 348.

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Sometimes the criticism is made that H.D.'s poems lack vigor and warmth. Louis Untermeyer states:

"Whatever her work lacks of vigor and warmth, it lacks because of a predetermined attitude which she never changes. This consistency results in work that is often stiff and sterile often overweighted with classic literature, but fully as often in poetry that is delicate, fine-spun and exquisitely polished. In the narrow borders of her style, she has achieved a concentration so great that it has an intensity of its own."³

Babette Deutsch makes this comment:

"Though her best verse is polished until it has the hard luminous surface of alabaster, it is not cold. Even where the poem has an intellectual content, it is quick with passion, pointed with concrete images."⁴

H.D.'s first collection of poems was Sea Garden published in 1916.⁵ This was followed in 1919 by a set of translations, Choruses from the Iphigeneia in Aulis and the Hippolytus of Euripides.⁶ In 1921 appeared Hymen,⁷ a volume of lyrics, and in 1924 a larger collection entitled Heliodora and Other Poems.⁸ These were assembled and published in 1925 as the Collected Poems of H.D.⁹ There appeared a complete play in verse in 1927 which represented H.D.'s most sustained poetic efforts, Hippolytus Temporizes.¹⁰

¹
³Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry, p. 238.

⁴Babette Deutsch, This Modern Poetry, p. 67.

⁵London, Constable; Boston, Houghton Mifflin.

⁶London, Egoist Press; New York, Holt.

⁷London, Egoist Press; New York, Holt.

⁸London, Cape; Boston, Houghton Mifflin.

⁹New York, Boni & Liveright.

¹⁰Boston, Houghton Mifflin.

"In the narrow borders of her style, she has achieved a concentration so great that it has an intensity of its own..." So said Louis Untermeyer. The following poem illustrates this intensity. With all the deep power and accurate representation of a tossed sea, these lines cut the image.

OREAD

Whirl up, sea--
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.¹¹

This suggests to Untermeyer the relationship of the Imagists to painting rather than to poetry. He sees in these lines something static, hard, fixed.¹² That opinion may be disputed, however, simply by the stating of any other. An opinion is something anyone can own. Not only is there movement flowing through the lines, "Whirl up, sea--, whirl your pointed pines, splash your great pines....., hurl your green.....cover us...", but also in the curves of cadences in the poem. Both diction and cadence give a fluid line of movement. The reason this seems more of a painting to Untermeyer is because he, admittedly, had a mind picture of waves on a canvas when he read this. No wonder it seemed static and fixed, but it doesn't need to be translated through the "canvas" stage at all. Instead, the green froth of the real sea whirls with

¹¹Collected Poems of H. D., p. 81.

¹²Louis Untermeyer, American Poetry Since 1900, p. 186.

the "pointed pines," and breaks on the rocks.

H.D. lives in a world of her own longings, of things builded in her own mind or remembered, things read or delighted in herself. To H. D. beauty is a thing sharp enough to be painful, too poignant to be borne. Her sensitiveness is extreme. Again and again, "she flings herself on the spears of her own reactions."¹³ Here is a poem in which she cries to be spared from too much loveliness and the agony of a beauty that hurts:

ORCHARD

I saw the first pear
as it fell--
the honey-seeking, golden-banded,
the yellow swarm
was not more fleet than I
(spare us from loveliness)
and I fell prostrate
crying:
you have flayed us
with your blossoms,
spare us the beauty
of fruit-trees.

The honey-seeking
paused not,
the air thundered their song,
and I alone was prostrate.

O rough-hewn
god of the orchard,
I bring you an offering--
do you, alone unbeautiful,
son of the god,
spare us from loveliness:

these fallen hazelnuts,
stripped late of their green sheathe,
grapes, red-purple,
their berries
dripping with wine,

¹³ Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.

pomegranates already broken,
 and shrunken figs
 and quinces untouched, 14
 I bring you as offering.

H. D.'s love for the beauty of this orchard hurts her, and yet with her self-inflicted blows that bring a sort of tortured ecstasy, she "opens and re-opens her wounds."¹⁵ The loveliness of a pear tree, a violet, or a sea rose is equal to putting her in exquisite agony. In her volume, SEA GARDEN, it is noticeable how keen are her perceptions of nature, and how diverse are the rhythms she uses. Here again, she wrings rapture out of agony:

SHELTERED GARDEN

.....

 For this beauty,
 beauty without strength,
 chokes out life.
 I want wind to break,
 scatter these pink-stalks,
 snap off their spiced heads,
 fling them about with dead leaves--
 spread the paths with twigs,
 limbs broken off,
 trail great pine branches,
 hurled from some far wood
 right across the melon patch,
 break pear and quince--
 leave half-trees torn, twisted
 but showing the fight was valiant.

O, to blot out this garden
 to forget, to fine a new beauty
 in some terrible
 wind-tortured place.¹⁶

¹⁴H.D., Sea Garden, p. 40.

¹⁵Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry,

¹⁶H.D., Sea Garden, p. 27.

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No less lovely or penetrating is this frail gem of poetry:

PEAR TREE

Silver dust
lifted from the earth,
higher than my arms reach,
you have mounted,
O silver,
higher than my arms reach,
you front us with great mass;

no flower ever opened
so staunch a white leaf,
no flower ever parted silver;

O white pear,
your flower-tufts
thick on the branch
bring summer and ripe fruits
in their purple hearts.¹⁷

In these one gets the impression of something like a fine, silk thread shining in the sun, the breath of a tea rose on a sharp breeze,—a distinct tranquillity, and at the same time, a sensitive acuteness.

The heightened sense of color and rhythm moves back and forth in her poem, Sea Gods.

.....
But we bring violets,
great masses--single, sweet
wood violets, stream violets,
violets from a wet marsh.

Violets in clumps from hills,
tufts with earth at the roots,
violets tugged from the rocks,
blue violets, moss, cliff, river-violets.

Yellow violets' gold,
burnt with a rare taint
violets like red ash
among the tufts of grass.

¹⁷H. D. Sea Garden.

We bring deep-purple
bird foot violets.

We bring the hyacinth-violet
sweet, bare, chill to the touch--
and violets whiter than the inrush
of your own white surf.¹⁸

Alfred Kreyborg says of this:

"Intensity breathes at the core of this poem.
H.D.'s language is restrained on the surface, but
fully impassioned and the core is close to the body
and nudity."¹⁹

Repetition of the word "violets" is daring, but the artist
has so dexterously managed this that the use of this word
over and over is enchanting, not tormenting. Violets are
heaped upon themselves, but there is no sense of lushness,
of cloying breathiness. Her work deals with things that
are constant; the cliffs, the sea, flowers have ever been
the same.

The lyric about heat, Garden, shows her sensitiveness
to tone color. Here is something beyond the description of
heat,--the effect of it.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air,
fruit cannot fall into the heat
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat--
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.²⁰

¹⁸H.D., Sea Garden.

¹⁹Alfred Kreyborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 349.

²⁰H.D., Sea Garden.

Washington, D.C.
January 10, 1950

Dear Mr. [Name]:
I have your letter of January 7, 1950, regarding the [Subject].
I am sorry that I cannot give you a more definite answer at this time.
The matter is being reviewed by the [Committee] and I will be sure to
keep you advised of any further developments.

Sincerely,
[Signature]

Very truly yours,
[Signature]
[Title]

I am sorry that I cannot give you a more definite answer at this time.
The matter is being reviewed by the [Committee] and I will be sure to
keep you advised of any further developments.
I am sure that you will understand the need for a thorough review
of this matter. I will be sure to keep you advised of any further
developments.

Very truly yours,
[Signature]
[Title]

Very truly yours,
[Signature]
[Title]

Very truly yours,
[Signature]
[Title]

H.D. has been able to summon for us the ideals of Greece. Scholars have delighted in the precision of her renderings. Babette Deutsch says,

"The flowers that grow on those rocky headlands, the waves that beat at their base, the gleam of marble, the haunting presences of gods and those too well loved or too well hated of the gods, recur again and again until the whole body of her poetry shines and trembles with the sea-light of the archipelago, the billow of the island winds. Whether H.D. speaks for herself or for some woman out of a Greek story, the point from which she speaks is the same."²¹

Although her poems are seldom metrical, an effect of symmetry is gained by the recurrence of certain phrases. Here, Artemis, wild with grief, says in Orion Dead:

Arise,
lest I bend an ash tree
into a taut bow,
and slay--and tear
all the roots from the earth.

The cornel-wood blazes
and strikes through the barley,²² sprays
but I have lost heart for this.

In her poem Circe, an enchantress, mistress of transforming spells, wields a magic power but it is of no use, for she constantly longs for one who is not there.

It was easy enough
to bend them to my wish,
it was easy enough
to alter them with a touch,
but you
adrift on the great sea,
how shall I call you back?²³

²¹Babette Deutsch, This Modern Poetry, p. 69.

²²H. D., Sea Garden, "The God."

²³H. D., Hymen.

Amy Lowell has likened H.D.'s poetry to the cool, white flesh of a woman bathing in a fountain.²⁴ Beneath this cool, white flesh breathes a woman's soul vibrant, impassioned. This particular poem, Circe, aptly fits this interesting description of Miss Lowell's. There is delicacy of texture, a fine lustre here.

Usually, H.D. does not employ rhyme; she prefers assonance. She uses it well in At Ithaca:

Over and back,
the long waves crawl
and track the sand with foam;
night darkness and the sea
takes on that desperate tone
of dark that wives put on
when all their love is done.²⁵

In The Contest, her precise etching of the male figure is superb. This clean-cut portrait has the strength and grace of the Greeks:

Your stature is modelled
with straight tool-edge;
you are chiselled like rocks
that are eaten into by the sea.

With the turn and grasp of your wrist
and the chorts' stretch,
there is a glint like worn brass.

The ridge of your breast is taut,
and under each the shadow is sharp,
and between the clenched muscles
of your slender hips.

From the circle of your cropped hair
there is light,
and about your male torso
and the foot-arch and the straight ankle.²⁶

²⁴Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.

²⁵H.D., Heliadora.

²⁶H.D., Sea Garden.

H. D. is not confined within the restraints of form, but rather has grown into them. She sounds the tragic note, but it rings out purely, if austere, untinged with self pity. Life, love, death take on a glamorous significance with H. D. Amy Lowell uses a term in regard to Circe that seems to characterize all of the work of H. D.,--overlaid with "beaten gold." Perfect singleness of aim has resulted in a releasing of all her energies to concentrate them upon beauty. She is full of wells of loveliness, and draws from their cool, sharp waters, draughts of rare nectar.

H. D. remains the one perfect Imagist. There is not one of the Imagist tenets that she does not fulfill. Her singleness of aim, of course, makes for high concentration, the refinement and compression of her material into finely chiseled forms. There is not a lost word in H. D.'s work; every line counts toward the single effect. Her "use of the exact word," as propounded in the Imagist credo, helps both toward the compression of material and the sharpness and clarity of the image she presents. There is no other poet, Imagist or not, who cuts a more exquisite or deftly molded image than H. D. Her lines are sure and fast, her images without blur or obstruction of irrelevant details. Stark nudity marks the form of H. D.'s poetry,--sharpness and clarity. In fact, it is so hard and clear that it has been called too coldly chaste. Her cadences and rhythms conform to the Imagist standards, and her choice of subject is not arbitrarily confined. She is the only true Imagist,--the lone Imagist to remain loyal.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

The Singer of Moods

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John Gould Fletcher

This Imagist poet was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, January, 31, 1886, of Scotch-Irish stock. He was the son of a pioneer who went to Arkansas from Tennessee in the first half of the nineteenth century. He grew up a wistful boy, full of eerie impressions; he liked weird things and uncanny images. His favorite poem was The Ancient Mariner.

He attended Phillips Academy, Andover to prepare for Harvard. Here he studied French. In 1905 he went out to Arizona. Since he was not happy at Harvard, he quit school and went to Boston to write, but here he gained no more incentive to write than he had heretofore.

He sailed for Europe in 1908, spent some time in Venice, in Rome, then moved to London in 1909. Like H. D., he was intrigued with his surroundings. His years in London were full of experiences. He made a close study of Whitman, and read Shelley and Browning in "great, thirsty gulps."¹

In 1910 he went to Paris, and there made the acquaintance of a great body of French literature and delved into it with fervor. Here he determined to write what he felt, without regard to confining rules. The result was Irradiations, written in 1913. However, his work was not published until Amy Lowell brought it back to America with her in 1914 together with Some Imagist Poets.

¹ Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry.

Section 11

1. The first part of the section deals with the

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Fletcher's poems represent moods. Just as H.D.'s were the essence of concentration, Fletcher's are typical of disintegration, the breaking of one mood after another. Whereas, H. D. seeks refuge in her own soul, Fletcher seeks it outside himself, in the great world.

Even though he may be accused of weakness of structure through this disintegration of material, he is highly successful in his purely suggestive images. Sheer pictorial fancy is rife here:

The trees, like great jade elephants,
 Chained, stamp and shake'neath the gadflies of the breeze;
 The trees lunge and plunge, unruly elephants:
 The clouds are their crimson howday-canopies,
 The sunlight glints like the golden robe of a Shah.
 Would I were² tossed on the wrinkled backs of
 those trees .

He has a ruggedness and strength that go to lift his imagination high.

Mr. Fletcher's approach to the external world give even his most objective lyrics an emotional strength. He gets into things, touches the core, and from this inner habitation, his image arises. Here he enters into a hot summer afternoon:

The balancing of gaudy broad pavilions
 Of summer against an insolent breeze:
 The bellying of the sides of striped tents,
 Swelling taut, shuddering in quick collapse,
 Silent under the silence of the sky.

Earth is streaked and spotted
 With great splashes and dapples of sunlight:
 The sun throws an immense circle of hot light
 upon the world,

Rolling slowly in ponderous rhythm
Darkly, musically forward.

All is silent under the steep cone of
afternoon:
The sky is imperturbably profound.
The ultimate divine union seems about to be
accomplished,
All is troubled at the attainment
Of the inexhaustible infinite.

The rolling and the tossing of the sides
of immense pavilions
Under the whirling wind that screams up
the cloudless sky.³

Besides the brilliance of Fletcher's imagery, he is noted for his mastery of the rhythms of vers libre. Amy Lowell declares that "No one is more absolute master of the rhythms of vers libre than is Mr. Fletcher."⁴ Later in this same essay she remarks that in his free verse his rimes are more felicitous than they are in his metrical verse. "Where it is not imperative, it is most often cunningly accomplished." The musical value of a word or phrase is often the end in itself to Mr. Fletcher who studied modern French poetry intensively.

This emphasis on music together with a more vigorous emphasis on color carries Mr. Fletcher's collection, Goblins and Pagodas, consisting of two parts: "The Ghosts of an Old House" and "The Symphonies." The first part is written from impressions of the old home in Arkansas; the symphonies

³J.G. Fletcher, Preludes and Symphonies.
⁴Amy Lowell, Tendencies in Modern American Poetry, p. 304.

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FOR THE YEAR 1891

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is an attempt to organize the intellectual and emotional life of an artist into eleven movements, each movement being expressed by a color-harmony.

"The Ghosts of an Old House" is simple, if not great. It contains lyrics of some poignancy and sincerity. Its air of reminiscence is unspoiled by the maudlin. The power in this piece of work lies in the total effect of the group of lyrics. This "old house" was a large square white one into which Fletcher's family moved when the child was four years old. It was here that these profound impressions were made upon the wistful little fellow; it was here where the weird images and eerie thoughts were born, that Fletcher was furnished with such material as makes up the first part of Goblins and Pagodas. He describes the house thus:

The house that I write of, faces the north:
No sun ever seeks
Its six white columns
The nine great windows of its face.

It fronts foursquare the winds.

Under the penthouse of the veranda roof
The upper northern rooms
Gloom outwards mournfully.

Staring Ionic capitals
Peer in them:
Owl-like faces.

All over the house there is a sense of futility;
Of minutes dragging slowly
And repeating
Some worn-out story of broken effort and desire.

It is impossible here in this confined treatment to go into detail concerning "The Symphonies." Glenn Hughes thinks the "Blue Symphony" the most successful. He accepts the symbolism and the emotional values. Professor Hughes states:

"Mr. Fletcher's statement that 'blue suggests to me the depth, mystery, and distance, would not be disturbing to many people!. Our experience of the external world has prepared us for such an idea."⁵

"The blue symphony is a subtly modulated and exquisitely suggestive allegory, (I use this word hesitantly) of the pursuit of beauty, the beauty which is never to be found. It is the vision of a young man as artist who realizes the futility of the search but nevertheless who knows that his life must be devoted to it."⁶

When Mr. Fletcher wrote "Blue Symphony", it is true that he was under the influence of Chinese poetry that he discovered first in French translation and later in the work of Ezra Pound when he was preparing his Cathay poems.

The opening passage shows the masterful imagery of which Amy Lowell spoke:

The darkness rolls upward.
The thick darkness carries with it
Rain and a ravel of cloud.
The sun comes forth upon earth.

Palely the dawn
Leaves me facing timidly
Old gardens sunken:
And in the gardens is water.

⁵ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 137.

⁶ Ibid., p. 138.

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Somber wreck--autumnal leaves;
 Shadowy roofs
 In the blue mist,
 And a willow branch that is broken.

Oh, old pagodas of my soul,. how you
 glittered across green trees!

Blue and cool:
 Blue, tremulously,
 Blow faint puffs of smoke
 Across somber pools.
 The damp green smell of rotted wood;
 And a heron that cries from out the water.

Many of the rhetorical figures in Fletcher's poetry, particularly in Irradiations, depend upon Southern landscapes. Fletcher never escaped the South. The Mississippi River flows through his poetry. Kreymborg says that "all Southerners, whether they write poetry or prose or take to religion or oratory, have a love of rhetoric, a love which qualified Fletcher for Symbolism and Imagism."⁷

The mood and language of this poem are native.

".....the passing of the wind
 Upon the pale lower terraces of my dream
 Is like the rinkling of the wet grey robes
 Of the hours that come to turn over the urn
 Of the day and spill its rainy dream."⁸

Here the "red bowl of sunlight" is that spilled in the South; "the earth" and the "smack of the wind" feel of the "Father of Waters." The imagery, incidentally, is colorfully striking.

I drink of the red bowl of the sunlight;
 I swim through seas of rain:
 I dig my toes into the earth:

⁷Alfred Kreymborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 361.
⁸J. G. Fletcher, Irradiations.

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE
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TO THE EDITOR:
I am writing to you to inform you of the results of the experiments conducted by me and my colleagues in the Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the past few months. The results are of great importance and I believe they will be of interest to you.

The experiments were conducted in the Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the past few months. The results are of great importance and I believe they will be of interest to you. The experiments were conducted in the Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the past few months. The results are of great importance and I believe they will be of interest to you.

Yours very truly,
[Signature]
[Name]
[Title]
[Address]

Enclosed for you are two copies of the report of the experiments. I believe they will be of interest to you. I am writing to you to inform you of the results of the experiments conducted by me and my colleagues in the Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the past few months.

I am writing to you to inform you of the results of the experiments conducted by me and my colleagues in the Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the past few months.

Very truly yours,
[Signature]
[Name]
[Title]
[Address]

I taste the smack of the wind:
 I am myself:
 I live.

Through the fourteen volumes of poetry written by Fletcher there runs a riot of color, a variety of mood, and a succession of pictorially fanciful images. What others considered a weakness of structure, Fletcher held his primary virtue: the unrelated method. The very prodigality of Fletcher's work--the fancy, the imagery, the color, mood and improvisation,--represents the opposite extreme of Imagism from that of H.D. Many of his images are ruined by incoherence, awkwardness of phrase and diction, but it is this same riotousness that makes the virtues and faults alike.

J. G. Fletcher is the least popular of the Imagists. His progress with the public is slow. Humanity objects to the gloomy, somber tone that drones through many of his pieces of work, a good deal of which melancholy was dropped away, however, after his marriage in 1916. The public also objects to his blundering, headlong pitch of writing. He lacks the power of self criticism and fails to realize the virtue of pruning. There is little trimness to his work. It lacks the fineness of finish of H.D.'s.

Alfred Kreymborg puts it strikingly:

".....A hermit by disposition, an impassioned monk, he has the virtues and vices of any egocentric

⁹ J. G. Fletcher, Irradiations.

artist. But he has a great deal to give, despite his failure to communicate himself fully and clearly. His symphonic instrument is erratic. At times, he writes like an inspired god in chaos, and then falls away and fumbles like a tyro..... He has the major intentions without the minor talents for revising his tumultuous output. If Fletcher had Amy Lowell's talent, or Miss Lowell had his genius, a first rate lyric poet would have emerged."¹⁰

John Gould Fletcher attempted to play too many strings, thereby, making wild, discordant music that resulted in a jumble in many instances. (H. D. perfected a single string). But his value as an Imagist must not be neglected, nevertheless. His colorful images, his rhythmical cadences, and his mastery of verbal melody cannot be denied. His love of the South lingers as a tribute to his native America, and his poems echo and re-echo this tribute.

Fletcher's own vision of freedom was proclaimed exultantly, and his intentions were those that sought to find the "new voice" for America that Whitman carolled years before.

"It is time to create something new. It is time to strip poetry of meaningless tatters of form, and to clothe her in new suitable garments....Never was life lived more richly, more fully, with more terrible blind intensity than it is being lived at this instant. Never was the noble language which is ours surpassed either in richness or in concision. We have the material with which to work, and the tools to do the work with. It is America's opportunity to lay the foundations for a new flowering of English verse, and to lay them as broad as they are strong."¹¹

¹⁰Alfred Kreyborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 361.

¹¹J. G. Fletcher, Irradiations: Sand and Spray, Preface.

AMY LOWELL
The Craftsman

Amy Lowell

Amy Lowell was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, February 9, 1874, the descendant of a long line of New Englanders and of a name that honored all who bore it.¹ Her mother's father was Minister to England, and her paternal grandfather's cousin was the poet, James Russell Lowell. Her own mother was both a musician and a linguist, and Miss Lowell derived much of her interest in the arts and in French from her. Percival Lowell, her brother, was an astronomer who charted the conjectural canals on Mars; and Abbott Lawrence Lowell, her other brother, was President of Harvard University.

Miss Lowell's early education was obtained through private tutoring and travel abroad. These journeys formed the background upon which much of her later work is based. As a youngster, she had vague hopes of becoming a writer, but these aspirations did not bear fruit until she was twenty-eight years old. For eight years after her determination to make a success of her writing, she served a rigorous apprenticeship, but did not attempt to publish a single line. In 1910, when Amy was thirty-six years old, her first verse appeared in THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY; two years afterward her first book was published, A Dome of Many Colored Glass.

This volume, however, was strangely unpromising. Louis

¹ S. Foster Damon, Amy Lowell, p. 14.

Untermeyer said that it was trite, and that it showed none² of the originality exhibited in Amy Lowell's later works. The poems in this volume were conventional, uninspired rows of pretty words evidencing the influence of Keats and Tennyson. It lacked personality, but, at the same time, showed craftsmanship and a poetic sensibility.

It was while she was in close contact with the members of the group of Imagists that she gathered together her own pictorial pieces and with other poems made up a volume called Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. This book was published in 1914 after shrewd and business-like management on the part of Miss Lowell. This represented her first identification with the Imagists, even though she didn't mention it in the preface to this volume. She did, however, express indebtedness to the French, especially in regard to technique, she discussed briefly the principles of vers libre and suggested Flint's phrase, "unrimed cadence," as an appropriate English equivalent for this term. This volume introduced a new individuality to the literary world, and showed extraordinary and marked improvement over her first volume.

The War shortened Miss Lowell's stay in London with the Imagists, but it did not hinder her productivity. Her next book of original verse was Men, Women and Ghosts, published in 1916. This book resulted in a richer variety

²
Louis Untermeyer, *American Poetry Since 1900*, p. 297.

of material than her previous volumes and was brimful of vitality. There are narratives in free verse, in conventional form, and others in polyphonic prose. Miss Lowell in an essay on John Gould Fletcher, wrote, "Polyphonic means many-voiced, and the form is so-called because it makes use of the 'voices' of poetry, namely: meter, vers libre, assonance, alliteration, rhyme and return. It employs every form of rhythm, even prose rhythm at times."³ Besides these varied forms, Miss Lowell varied her choice of material: short descriptive pieces with implied stories; historical romances, dialect tales of New England and modern war episodes.

With these and the following volumes, it was evident that an experimenter of unusual brilliance had arrived. It was after this third book of verse, however, that Miss Lowell published her volume of prose criticism entitled Tendencies in Modern American Poetry by means of which she sought to clarify the confusion which existed in the public mind in regard to the American renaissance poets. In this she treats six representative figures, combining biography and critical analysis in dealing with each. She discusses Imagism as the third stage in the development of the new poetry, giving in detail the lives and works of H.D. and John Gould Fletcher. The one criticism made of this book is that at the time Miss Lowell wrote it, she was too much a part of the general movement to get the perspec-

³Louis Untermeyer, Modern American Poetry, p. 231.

tive needed to interpret impartially. Consequently, critics found it easy to find fault and show Miss Lowell in the role of a mere propagandist. Its chief value to-day is historical.

Miss Lowell did not allow her own creative impulses to die, however. In 1918 Can Grande's Castle was published. This volume consisted of four polyphonic prose-poems of unusual length.

Since Men, Women, and Ghosts and Can Grande's Castle were limited almost entirely to narrative poems, Miss Lowell now found that she had accumulated innumerable lyrics, for never had she ceased to write them. In 1919, therefore, she published a collection of short poems written during the preceding five years, Pictures of the Floating World. In many ways, this is Miss Lowell's most personal revelation. Primarily, however, it is given over to a rendering of the Japanese Ukiyo-e, a name applied to realistic color-prints. Too much fantastic Oriental imagery, however, led the poet into conceits that did not plead well the cause of Imagism.

Her rollicking piece of work, A Critical Fable shows Miss Lowell in a mood of abandonment. She had taken her cue from James Russell Lowell's Fable for Critics and followed it with her own contribution of flashing wit and caper-cutting. In this work she showed twenty-one modern American poets on the needles of a wit. The book was published anonymously and well concealed Miss Lowell's personality.

The authorship was not discovered until two years after the publication of the book.

Miss Lowell's other poetic contributions were Legends, What's O'Clock, East Wind, and Ballads for Sale. The last three were published posthumously. A Critical Fable was the last book of verse published by Miss Lowell before her death from a paralytic stroke on May 12, 1925. The last few years before her death were crowded with work. She completed in time for publication before her death a biography and critical analysis of John Keats in two volumes.

Miss Lowell had been suffering from ill health for years. She had undergone many operations, none of which were very helpful. In April 1925, her condition became worse, and she had to cancel a lecture trip through England. Her death occasioned national tributes. Some of the very journals that had soundly denounced and ridiculed her were loudest in praise. Some critics maintained that her personality was more impressive than her work. Without doubt, however, it was generally conceded that Amy Lowell was one of the most daring and picturesque figures in contemporary literature!"⁴

"Like all pioneers, she was the target of scorn and hostility; but, unlike most innovators, she lived to see her experiments rise from the limbo of ridicule to a definite place in their period."⁵

⁴Louis Untermeyer, *Modern American Poetry*, p. 232.
⁵*Ibid.*, p. 233.

Whether Amy Lowell's personality or work was more impressive is a matter of personal opinion. Her strongest admirers thought her the greatest woman poet of her time; her jesters called her a side show, "a specimen of blatant Americanism--dynamic, superficial, and, in its worst sense, successful."⁶ None the less, she has a creditable list of poems to her name that dazzles one with its variety of themes, technical facility, and abandonment to motion, color, image and effect. Louis Untermeyer struck an interesting note when he said, "motion frequently takes the place of emotion,"⁷ and this, probably, is the reason for Alfred Kreymborg's statement to the effect that Miss Lowell's poetry didn't stir the heart beyond the moment of reading.⁸ This is true. While reading her poems, one gets a burst of color and sound, a startlingly vital response to countless images and rhythms, but these effects are woven into patterns and movements, not emotions. Perhaps Miss Lowell tried too hard to impassion her reader; perhaps her efforts were too labored, too studied. At any rate, they leave one cold and detached, and oblivious of such a thing as the human heart. If there is enthusiasm at all, it is that appreciation of the intellect and not of the emotions. This lack of warmth and emotional ap-

⁶Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 222.

⁷Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry.

⁸Alfred Kreymborg, Our Singing Strength, p. 255.

peal characterizes the bulk of her work. However, Miss Lowell can "feel" through her lines of verse, even though she doesn't often strike a blaze in the human heart.

In her poem, Patterns,⁹ there is restrained emotion throughout, which bursts into the anguished cry at the very end, "Christ! What are patterns for?" Besides Miss Lowell's deftness in conveying emotion through rhythms and color in this poem, the reader feels that tumult and pain lay behind "the stiff brocade." In this piece of work, the setting is a garden, the time is summer, and the speaker a maiden of an earlier century who has a lover at war in Flanders:

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown,
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

There is war behind this "stiff brocaded gown" too. The fullblown summer days heavy with the scent of flowers stir her passion, and she imagines herself as a bather splashing in a marble fountain before her lover:

What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon
the ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the
ground.

⁹ Amy Lowell, Men, Women, and Ghosts, "Patterns."

I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

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I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

I am, however, very anxious to see you and your family, and I am sure you will be glad to see me.

I would be pink and silver as I ran along
 the paths,
 And he would stumble after,
 Bewildered by my laughter.
 I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt
 and the buckles on his shoes.
 I would choose
 To lead him through a maze along the patterned
 paths,
 A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted
 lover.
 Till he caught me in the shade,
 And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my
 body as he clasped me,
 Aching, melting, unafraid.
 With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
 And the plopping of the waterdrops,
 All about us in the open afternoon--
 I am very like to swoon
 With the weight of this brocade,
 For the sun sifts through the shade.

Her dream is even more of an illusion than she realizes.

Her lover has been killed and now a cruel vision of the
 future leers ominously:

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
 Up and down
 The patterned garden paths
 In my stiff, brocaded gown.
 The squills and daffodils
 Will give place to pillared roses, and to
 asters, and to snow.
 I shall go
 Up and down,
 In my gown.
 Gorgeously arrayed,
 Boned and stayed.
 And the softness of my body will be guarded
 from embrace
 By each button, hook and lace.
 For the man who should loose me is dead,
 Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
 In a pattern called a war.
 Christ! What are patterns for?

There is a portion of the poem just quoted that characterizes Amy Lowell's own guarded emotions in her poetry,--this studied withholding of real emotion, while she depended upon the vehicle of technique to convey it, which it never did but falsely. Technique cannot carry emotion that has emerged from the heart; it may convey a sort of superficial tendency toward the emotional, but no more.

I shall go
Up and down,
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.

Not only did the maiden in the garden foresee solitary walks to be taken in her gown,"gorgeously arrayed, boned and stayed," but Amy Lowell's poetry itself shows this characteristic. Her verse walks up and down the pages, truly "gorgeously arrayed," but "boned and stayed,"--rigid, bereft.

For poignancy and color symphony, one need go no farther than her Lilacs. Her love for New England is present in this poem also.

Lilacs,
False blue,
White,
Purple,
Color of lilac,
Heartleaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are in it,

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Because my flowers are for it,
 Because it is my country
 And I speak to it of itself
 And sing of it with my own voice
 Since certainly it is mine.¹⁰

Even though Miss Lowell's domain was not the emotions,
 here is a poem in which there is delicacy of emotion:

MADONNA OF THE EVENING FLOWERS

All day long I have been working.
 Now I am tired.
 I call: "Where are you?"
 But there is only the oak-tree rustling
 in the wind.
 The house is very quiet.
 The sun shines in on your books,
 On your scissors and thimble just put down,
 But you are not there.
 Suddenly I am lonely:
 Where are you?
 I go about searching.

Then I see you,
 Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
 With a basket of roses on your arm.
 You are cool, like silver.
 And you smile.
 I think the Canterbury bells are playing little
 tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying.
 That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
 That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and
 rounded.
 You tell me these things.
 But I look at you, heart of silver,
 White heart-flame of polished silver,
 Burning beneath the blue steeples of the
 larkspur,
 And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
 While all about us peal the loud, sweet
 Te Deums of the Canterbury bells.¹¹

¹⁰Amy Lowell, What's O'Clock, "Lilacs."

¹¹Amy Lowell, Pictures of the Floating World, "Madonna of the Evening Flowers."

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general
description of the project and its objectives. It is
important to state clearly the scope of the work and
the limits of the study. This will help to avoid
misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a
description of the methods used in the study. It is
important to state clearly the methods used and the
reasons for their choice. This will help to avoid
misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a
description of the results of the study. It is
important to state clearly the results of the study
and the reasons for their choice. This will help to
avoid misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a
description of the conclusions of the study. It is
important to state clearly the conclusions of the study
and the reasons for their choice. This will help to
avoid misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a
description of the recommendations of the study. It is
important to state clearly the recommendations of the study
and the reasons for their choice. This will help to
avoid misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

6. The sixth part of the report is devoted to a
description of the bibliography of the study. It is
important to state clearly the bibliography of the study
and the reasons for their choice. This will help to
avoid misunderstandings and will make it easier to
interpret the results.

Amy Lowell's triumph was in the visual world, in reflections, in capturing the disturbances of light, shadow, and movement. "She is an engraver, and a cunning workman, and an embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet, and fine linen."¹² She gives us designs as clear as glass, "patterns of feeling as warmly colored as glossy skeins of embroidery silk--blue and purple and scarlet, silver and gold. She distills sensations that sting like fiery liquor."¹³ Her fretwork is like old lace.

Lavendar and old lace, faded rose-leaves in a jar, even a sense of shyness like violets lurking in the shade flavor her poem called A Lady.

You are beautiful and faded
Like an old opera tune
Played upon a harpsichord;
Or like the sun-flooded silks
Of an eighteenth-century boudoir.
In your eyes
Smoulder the fallen roses of out-lived minutes,
And the perfume of your soul
Is vague and suffusing,
With the pungence of sealed spice-jars.
Your half-tones delight me,
And I grow mad with gazing
At your blent colors.

My vigour is a new-minted penny,
Which I cast at your feet.
Gather it up from the dust,
That its sparkle may amuse you.¹⁴

The shyness grows less and less evident until the latter part of the first stanza when it suddenly becomes ardor, then spirited vigor.

¹²Marguerite Wilkinson, New Voices, p. 89.

¹³Ibid., p. 89.

¹⁴Amy Lowell, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, "A Lady."

In In A Garden, there is movement, and **strong** appeal to the five senses. There is a definite picture etched for us here. It reveals Miss Lowell's cunning craftsmanship and aptness as an engraver.

Gushing from the mouths of stone men
To spread at ease under the sky
In granite-lipped basins,
Where iris dabble their feet
And rustle to a passing wind,
The water fills the garden with its rushing,
In the midst of the quiet of close-clipped
lawns.

Damp smell the ferns in tunnels of stone,
Where trickle and plash the fountains,
Marble fountains, yellowed with much
water.

Splashing down moss-tarnished steps
It falls, the water;
And the air is throbbing with it.
With its gurgling and running.
With its leaping, and deep, cool murmur.

And I wished for night and you.
I wanted to see you in the swimming-pool,
White and shining in the silver-flecked water.
While the moon rode over the garden,
High in the arch of night,
And the scent of the lilacs was heavy with
stillness.

Night and the water, and you in your white-
ness bathing.¹⁵

For sheer imagery, riotous color splashing, finely etched prints and "gorgeous array," Miss Lowell's volume, Pictures of the Floating World is not surpassed. The following poems are taken from this noteworthy volume.

Y

¹⁵Amy Lowell, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, p. 244.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ARTS
AND ARCHITECTURE

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The Two Rains

Spring

Tinkling of ankle bracelets.
Dull striking
Of jade and sardonyx
From whirling ends of jointed circlets.

Summer

Clashing of bronze bucklers,
Screaming of horses.
Red plumes of head-trappings
Flashing above spears.

Even the actual cutting out with the etching tools can be seen, the pictures are so sharp, so clear, so cleanly modelled.

Bright Sunlight

The wind has blown a corner of your shawl
Into the fountain,
Where it floats and drifts
Among the lily pads
Like a tissue of sapphires.
But you do not heed it,
Your fingers pick at the lichens
On the stone edge of the basin,
And your eyes follow the tall clouds
As they sail over the ilex trees.

From Chinoiserie comes "Reflections."

When I looked into your eyes,
I saw a garden
With peonies, and tinkling pagodas,
And round-arched bridges
Over still lakes.
A woman sat beside the water
In a rain-blue silken garment.
She reached through the water
To pluck the crimson peonies
Beneath the surface,
But as she grasped the stems,
They jarred and broke into white-green
ripples;

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 10, 1891.

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE.

ALBANY:

WILLIAM H. SAWYER, PRINTERS.

1891.

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1891.

And as she drew out her hand,
The water-drops dripping from it
Stained her rain-blue dress like tears.

Opal

You are ice and fire,
The touch of you burns my hands like snow.
You are cold and flame.
You are the crimson of amaryllis,
The silver of moon-touched magnolias.
When I am with you,
My heart is a frozen pond
Gleaming with agitated torches.

The fire and the ice splashed with the crimson of the amaryllis and the silver of the moon show us Miss Lowell as artificer **in** brilliant colors, "an embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and **in** scarlet, and fine linen." There are many more in this volume just as brilliantly garbed, as cleanly etched, and as generally appealing. Miss Lowell's artistry at color blending, her deft choice of compound words, and the images blazing from the combination of her color-blending and diction are elements in her work that help to make her an Imagist.

The imagery is dazzling in "Night Clouds!"

The white mares of the moon rush along the sky
Beating their golden hoofs upon the glass
 heavens;
The white mares of the moon are all standing
 on their hind legs
Pawing at the green porcelain doors of the
 remote heavens.
Fly, mares!
Strain your utmost,
Scatter the milky dust of stars,
Or the tiger sun will leap upon you and destroy you
With one lick of his vermilion tongue.¹⁶

¹⁶
Amy Lowell, Men, Women, and Ghosts.

The following lines are taken from various of Amy Lowell's volumes of poetry, and are chosen for their strikingly clear images. They show evidence of the poet's painstaking care in choice of "the exact word," the same laborious diligence that the cabinet-maker applies to the making of a cabinet, which analogy Miss Lowell draws herself.¹⁷

Lustre

Your face to me is like the slope of a
snow mountain
In moonlight.¹⁸

White and Green

Supple-limbed youth among the fruit trees,
Light runner through tasseled orchards,
You are an almond flower unsheathed
Leaping and flickering among the budded branches.¹⁹

Venus Transiens

Tell me,
Was Venus more beautiful
Than you are,
When she topped
The crinkled waves,
Drifting shoreward
On her plaited shell?²⁰

Wind and Silver

Greatly shining,
The Autumn moon floats in the thin sky;
And the fish-ponds shake their backs and
flash their dragon scales
As she passes over them.²¹

A Decade

When you came, you were like red wine and honey,
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its

¹⁷Amy Lowell, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, Preface, p. vii.
¹⁸Amy Lowell, Ballads for Sale, p. 62.
¹⁹Amy Lowell, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, p. 238.
²⁰Amy Lowell, Pictures of the Floating World, p. 43.
²¹Amy Lowell, East Wind.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work. It is followed by a detailed account of the work done during the year, and a summary of the results. The report is divided into three main parts: the first part deals with the general situation of the country, the second part deals with the progress of the work, and the third part deals with the results of the work.

The second part of the report deals with the progress of the work. It is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the work done during the year, the second section deals with the work done during the year, and the third section deals with the work done during the year.

The third part of the report deals with the results of the work. It is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the results of the work, the second section deals with the results of the work, and the third section deals with the results of the work.

The fourth part of the report deals with the conclusions of the work. It is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the conclusions of the work, the second section deals with the conclusions of the work, and the third section deals with the conclusions of the work.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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sweetness.

Now you are like morning bread

Smooth and pleasant.

I hardly taste you at all for I know your savor;
But I am completely nourished.²²

Solitaire

When night drifts along the streets of the city,
And sifts down between the uneven roofs,

My mind begins to peek and peer.

It plays at ball in old blue Chinese gardens,

And shakes wrought dice-cups in Pagan temples

Amid the broken flutings of white pillars.

It dances with purple and yellow crocuses
in its hair,

And its feet shine as they flutter over
drenched grasses.²³

Autumnal Equinox

It is so cold that the stars stand out of
the sky

Like golden nails not driven home.²⁴

Thorn Piece

Cliffs,

Cliffs,

And a twisted sea

Beating under a freezing moon.²⁵

After A Storm

You walk under the ice trees.

They sway and crackle,

And arch themselves splendidly

To deck your going.

The white sun flips them into colour
Before you.²⁶

The Garden by Moonlight

A black cat among roses,

Phlox lilac-misted under a first-quarter moon.²⁷

²²Amy Lowell, What's O'Clock.

²³Amy Lowell, Pictures of the Floating World, p. 103.

²⁴Amy Lowell, Ibid., p. 74.

²⁵Amy Lowell, Ballads for Sale, p. 62.

²⁶Amy Lowell, Pictures of the Floating World, p. 67.

²⁷Amy Lowell, Ibid., p. 54.

1
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There are many voices sounded in Miss Lowell's eleven volumes of poetry, and it is very difficult to determine the value of her contribution to the literary world. The diversity of her work, the versatility of her pen, the deftness of its touch, and the myriads of impressions her powerful personality carried both through her poetry and outside her literary endeavors are inestimable and will have to be left to the test of time. Whether the many voices will linger as mere echoes in the years to come, or will sing as lustily as they do at present, is problematical. Whatever is the result of this conjecture, however, Amy Lowell is unmistakably an expert craftsman and a poet of penetrative imagination.

The charge brought against her that her work generally lacked the warmth of emotion is true, but this charge is justly disputed by the fact that insofar as Imagism is concerned, the tenets themselves voiced restraint; and as an Imagist, Amy Lowell adhered closely to the tenets in that respect.

No one did more for the group of Imagists than did Amy Lowell, who took the younglings of this new truth-and-beauty renaissance under her wing, and guided them to established recognition,--even though the way was infested with dangers that made the struggle interesting and certainly effectual.

"No poet living in America has been more fought for, fought against, and generally fought about than Amy Lowell,"²⁸ Louis Untermeyer said. That is true, and as Professor Glenn Hughes puts it, "We are still somewhat blinded by the smoke of battle."²⁹ But whether or not the ~~smoke~~ has gone the way of all smoke, one should be able to see clearly enough to penetrate beyond the haze and take Amy Lowell for what she's worth. So many monstrously absurd accusations have been aimed at Miss Lowell, that one is compelled to sweep away a pile of debris before he can begin to see clearly and impartially. These accusations may be true or untrue, but they are "monstrously absurd" because they have no direct bearing on Miss Lowell's work, and have been dragged in to smudge whatever clear, unbiased view might be taken of her poetry. When a critic is mean enough and small enough to fondle such tidbits as "big, black cigars" that the poet is said to have smoked; when he goes farther to allow these small, irrelevant details discolor his opinions to the extent that he dims his own vision of her work,--his destructive criticism ceases to be a condemnation of the victim, and becomes a barb pointed at himself. For such lack of true, critical insight, such inadequacy of spirit, and such grasping at distant straws, he becomes the target of his own malicious sling-shot.

²⁸Louis Untermeyer, American Poetry Since 1900, p. 137.

²⁹Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 222.

The foregoing purposeful denunciation of the mean-spirited critic is no attempt whatever to extol Miss Lowell and her poetry, but is a justifiable defense of a woman and her poetry maligned out of all proportion, because of non-essentials and the augmenting of them into over-sized complaints.

Amy Lowell has helped the Imagists to bring a new color into poetry and new impressions of the external world's beauties. She is never guilty of trite phrases. Certainly her choice of a subject for her poems is unlimited, and she selects her materials with care and prepares them with the same painstaking assiduity. For her craftsmanship, her variety, her magical imagination, and her dynamic personality, she will long be remembered.

"Amy Lowell was a dynasty in herself."³⁰

³⁰

S. Foster Damon, Amy Lowell, p. 728, quoting Elsie Sergeant.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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RICHARD ALDINGTON

The Rebel

THEORY OF
THE EARTH

Richard Aldington

Richard Aldington was born in 1892 at Portsmouth, Hampshire, England. His childhood days were spent near Dover where he attended schools at Walmar and St. Margaret's Bay. He studied at Dover College for four years and one year at the University of London. He began the study of Greek and Latin at an early age, and learned French early. By the time he was sixteen, he could read these languages without difficulty, and when he was nineteen he went to Italy and acquired a knowledge of Italian. Besides his study of literature in school, he came in contact with many volumes of English poetry in his father's library where he reveled in this kingdom of books, and abandoned himself to reading. Thus it is not strange that at the age of eighteen he was ready to begin his own creative career. "Satiated with rime and meter, with rhetoric and romantics, he fell back on Hellenism--on imagery and unrimed cadence."¹

It was just about this time that Ezra Pound met Aldington in London, and helped in getting his first efforts published. Also the young worshipper at the shrine of Hellenism met Hilda Doolittle, who knelt beside him at the same shrine, and who became his wife in 1913. In the early poems of Richard Aldington and H.D., there is a marked similarity

¹ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 86.

Abstract

The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of

the use of a certain type of material on the

growth of certain types of bacteria.

The results of the study are as follows:

1. The use of the material resulted in a

significant increase in the growth of the

bacteria.

2. The use of the material resulted in a

significant decrease in the growth of the

bacteria.

3. The use of the material resulted in a

significant increase in the growth of the

bacteria.

4. The use of the material resulted in a

significant decrease in the growth of the

bacteria.

5. The use of the material resulted in a

significant increase in the growth of the

bacteria.

6. The use of the material resulted in a

significant decrease in the growth of the

bacteria.

7. The use of the material resulted in a

significant increase in the growth of the

bacteria.

between the two poets. This similarity, however, did not last. The two personalities began to develop individually. H.D. has remained true in her allegiance to the spirit and form of her first Hellenistic works, while Aldington has run rampant in his search for other muses to woo.

Primarily, Aldington is a hot-headed rebel who gives head to his rife impulses, and proved a staunch fighter for the Imagists. He is the youngest of the Imagists and is noted for his unrestrained spirit of artistic rebellion and his translations. As an Imagist, he turned out poems of austere grace and cool dignity of mood in his Hellenistic attempts, other short pieces of sheer imagery that are merely imagistic and nothing else, still other models of imagistic beauty that represented love felicitations. After the war, his images became sterner and his Images of War, written about the same time as Images of Desire (containing his love images) contains some of his truest and most beautiful poetry.

His early poems written between 1910 and 1915 were published into a volume called Images. Some of these had already appeared in the 1914 and 1915 Imagist anthologies and in magazines, and are poems of exquisite cadence and unrimed free verse. Then came the publication of his Images of War and Images of Desire in 1919, which poems were later included in War and Love, also published in 1919. The Love of

Myrrhine and Konallis, followed by Nineteen Prose Poems came out in 1926. These poems were written between 1913 and 1919 and are rhetorical and richly colored, but at times the imagery is weighty. His Exile and Other Poems was a voicing of the bitterness that the World War aroused in Aldington, and was published in 1923. Three other volumes and his Collected Poems came before the public between 1925 and 1930.

Aldington succeeded in a measure in recapturing the Hellenic mood that H.D. glorified. The initial poem in his early volume, Images, has the same coolness and classic gravity that H.D.'s possess.

Choricos

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered
wreaths,
Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and
wings--
Symbols of ancient songs,
Mournfully passing
Down to the great white surges,
Watched of none
Save the frail sea-birds
And the lithe pale girls,
Daughters of Oceanus.

The color and movement and frail ethereality of the following passage from the same poem are magnificent.

For silently
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,
With purple robe
Searing the grasses with a sudden flame,

Death,
 Thou hast come upon us.
 And of all the ancient songs
 Passing to the swallow blue-halls
 By the dark streams of Persephone,
 This only remains--
 That in the end we turn to thee,
 Death,
 We turn to thee,
 Singing one last song.

Many other lyrics echo these classic moods. Here Aldington looses his fancy and lets it run rampant in the formation of the images.

The Faun Sees the Snow for the First Time

Zeus,
 Brazen-thunder-hurler,
 Cloud-whirler, son-of-Kronos,
 Send vengeance on these Oreads
 Who strew
 White frozen flecks of mist and cloud
 Over the brown trees and the tufted grass
 Of the meadows, where the stream
 Runs black through shining banks
 Of bluish white.

Zeus,
 Are the halls of heaven broken up
 That you flake down upon me
 Feather-strips of marble?

Dis and Styx!
 When I stamp my hoof
 The frozen-cloud-specks jam into the cleft
 So that I reel upon two slippery points...

Fool, to stand here cursing
 When I might be running.²

Still more riotous color and vigorous abandonment:

Stele

Pan, O Pan,
 The oread weeps in the stony olive-garden
 On the hillside.

²Richard Aldington, Collected Poems, "Images," p. 22.

There bloom the fragile
 Blue-purple wind-flowers,
 There the wild fragrant narcissus
 Bends by the grey stones.

But Pan, O Pan,
 The oread weeps in the stony olive-garden;
 She heeds not the moss-coloured lizards
 And crocus-yellow butterflies.

For her reed-pipe
 That was the crying of the wind,
 Her pipe that was the singing
 Wind of the mountain,
 Her pipe is broken.

Pan, O Pan,
 As you rush from the peaks
 With the wood-girls and flower-girls
 And the shouting fauns,
 Unawares you have broken her little reed
 With your stamping hoofs.

And she weeps in the olive-garden.³

Aldington uses color as freely as Amy Lowell, but, on the whole, his colors are somewhat more subdued, not so dazzling and glamorous as Miss Lowell's. His fancy darts about like his "wood-girls and flower-girls" and shouts like his "fauns." His movement is that of his own Pan "rushing from the peaks."

More of his shorter images follow. These are vigorous, and the effect of the hard clarity of them is like that of a sudden tearing of silk and its accompanying swish.

Evening

The chimneys, rank on rank,
 Cut the clear sky;
 The moon
 With a rag of gauze about her loins
 Poses among them, an awkward Venus--

³Richard Aldington, Collected Poems, "Images," p. 9.

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DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

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And here I am looking wantonly at her
Over the kitchen sink.⁴

Sunsets

The white body of the evening
Is torn into scarlet,
Slashed and gouged and seared
Into crimson,
And hung ironically
With garlands of mist.

And the wind
Blowing over London from Flanders
Has a bitter taste.⁵

Here, the rebel in Aldington startles by his wild exaggeration of scarlets, crimsons, and garlands of mist. It is this element in this head-strong young poet that loves to startle, loves to run the gamut of everything, of color, of movement, of diction and of imagination.

Fantasy

The limbs of gods,
Still, veined marble,
Rest heavily in sleep
Under a saffron twilight.

.....
A vast breast moves slowly,
The great thighs shift,
The stone eyelids rise;⁶
The slow tongue speaks.

Summer

A butterfly,
Black and scarlet,
Spotted with white,
Fans its wings
Over a privet flower.

A thousand crimson foxgloves,
Tall bloody pikes

⁴Richard Aldington, Collected Poems, "Images," p. 32.

⁵Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 155.

⁶Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 51.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, ILL.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
FROM THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
RESOLUTION OF THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PASSED AT A MEETING OF THE FACULTY HELD AT CHICAGO, ILL.,
ON THE 15TH DAY OF MAY, 1906.

Resolved, That the Faculty of the University of Chicago
do hereby express its appreciation of the services of
the President of the University of Chicago, who has
been elected to the office of President of the University of Chicago.

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ON THE 15TH DAY OF MAY, 1906.

Stand motionless in the gravel quarry;
The wind runs over them.

A rose film over a pale sky
Fantastically cut by dark chimneys;
Candles winking in the windows
Across an old city garden.⁷

Images

I

Like a gondola of green scented fruits
Drifting alone the dark canals of Venice,
You, O exquisite one,
Have entered into my desolate city.

II

The blue smoke leaps
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing,
So my love leaps towards you,
Vanishes and is renewed.

III

A rose-yellow moon in a pale sky
When the sunset is faint vermillion
In the mist among the tree-boughs
Art thou to me, my beloved.

IV

A young beech-tree on the edge of the forest
Stands still in the evening,
Yet shudders through all its leaves in the
light air

And seems to fear the stars--
So are you still and so tremble.

V

The red deer are high on the mountain,
They are beyond the last pine-trees,
And my desires have run with them.

VI

The flower which the wind has shaken
Is soon filled again with rain;
So does my heart fill slowly with tears
Until you return.⁸

The River

II

O blue flower of the evening,
You have touched my face
With your leaves of silver,
Love me for I must depart.⁹

⁷Richard Aldington, Collected Poems, "Images," p. 25.

⁸Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 20.

⁹Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 13.

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"Except Siegfried Sassoon, no 'war-poet' has represented the torments of military life with such candor and so entirely without bombastic rhetoric," Harold Monro thinks.¹⁰ In his Images of War, Aldington depicts vividly the anguish and stern color of the War. This volume contains some of his most beautiful and genuine poetry. Lyrics selected from Images of War follow.

Dawn

The grim dawn lightens thin bleak clouds;
In the hills beyond the flooded meadows
Lies death-pale, death-still mist.

We trudge along wearily,
Heavy with lack of sleep,
Spiritless, yet with pretence of gaiety.

The sun brings crimson to the colourless sky;
Light shines from brass and steel;
We trudge on wearily--
Our unspoken prayer:
"God, end this black and aching anguish
Soon, with vivid crimson agonies of death,
End it in mist-pale sleep."¹¹

Living Sepulchres

One frosty night when the guns were still
I leaned against the trench
Making for myself hokku
Of the moon and flowers and of the snow.
But the ghostly scurrying of huge rats
Swollen with feeding upon men's¹² flesh
Filled me with shrinking dread.

Machine Guns

Gold flashes in the dark,
And on the road
Each side, behind, in front of us,

¹¹Richard Aldington, Images of War, p. 67.

¹²Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 75.

Gold sparks
Where the fierce bullets strike the stones.¹³

Taintignies (Belgium)

This land is tedious as a worn-out whore;
Faded and shabby
As her once bright face
Grown tarnished with disease,
Loathsome as her grin which shows
The black cubes of the missing teeth;
The very sky is drab and sear
As her lifeless hair,
The earth itself rotten and foul
As her dishonoured flesh.¹⁴

Torture, filth, danger, destruction--all represented in the four preceding poems. The grim tone and the choice of the "exact word" engrave these images starkly, as the cold, relentless cruelty of the War itself was a graven image in the mind of the poet. Indeed, the startling sincerity of these war poems is unmistakable.

From Images of Desire come these exquisite love lyrics with images like fiery gems tossed into a black abyss.

Like a dark princess whose beauty
Many have sung, you wear me,
The one jewel that is warmed by your breast.

Another true, passionate image:

The naked, pale limbs of the dawn lie sheathed
in dove-white folds of lawn,
But from one scarlet breast I see the cloudy
cover slowly drawn.

.
Ay! slay me with your lips, ah! kill my body's
strength and spirit's will
So that at dawn I need not go but lie between
your breast-flowers still.

¹³Richard Aldington, Images of War, p. 83.

¹⁴Richard Aldington, Ibid., p. 95.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
ON THE
PROGRESS OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
DURING THE
YEAR 1900-1901

The Department of Chemistry, University of Chicago, during the year 1900-1901, has been very successful in its work. The department has been able to secure a number of new appointments, and the work of the department has been greatly increased. The department has been able to secure a number of new appointments, and the work of the department has been greatly increased. The department has been able to secure a number of new appointments, and the work of the department has been greatly increased.

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Aldington's impassioned imagination runs rampant and almost consumes itself in the fire of his wild ecstasy of creation of love-images. Here are rapture and utter abandonment.

Epigrams

II

Your body is whiter than the moon-white sea,
More white than foam upon a rocky shore,
Whiter than that white goddess born of foam.

Her Mouth

Her mouth is a crushed flower
That unpetals marvellously
Beneath my lips.

Portrait

Your body has the hot splendour of gold lands
Laden with sunlight and sharp heat--
Lovely and savage.

There is a primitive, unleashed taint of savagery in these poems whose raw candor is dazzling. Aldington still uses his colors freely. The whole effect of these images is a kind of hypnotic bewitching charm cast about us by the poet and his own artistic passion.

An Interlude

I wait,
And glide upon the crested surge of days
Like some sea-god, with tangled, dripping beard
And smooth hard skin, who glimpses from the sea
An earth-girl naked by the long foam fringe,
And, utterly forgetting all his life,
Hurries toward her, glad with sudden love.

Images of Desire

III

You are a delicate Arab mare
For whom there is but one rider;
I am a sea that takes joyfully
Only one straight ship upon my breast.

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Aldington's volume, Images of Desire closes with an epilogue, a sort of justification of his riotous abandonment to love.

Epilogue

Have I spoken too much or not enough of love,
Who can tell?

But we who do not drug ourselves with lies
Know, with how deep a pathos, that we have
Only the warmth and beauty of this life
Before the blankness of the unending gloom.
Here for a little while we see the sun
And smell the grapevines on the terraced hills,
And sing and weep, fight, starve and feast, and love
Lips and soft breasts too sweet for innocence.
And in this little glow of mortal life--
Faint as one candle in a large, cold room--
We know the clearest light is shed by love,
That when we kiss with lifeblood in our lips,
Then we are nearest to the dreamed-of gods.

These love poems show Aldington veering somewhat from the Imagist technique. The emotional content, the warmth, the ecstatic passion, love's agonies and raptures,--none of these belong to the conceptions of the Imagists. They illustrate a rebellion against a credo which had, at one time, satisfied him, and to which he returns only on occasion.¹⁵ But enough truly imagistic poems have been cited to show his blood kinship with the Imagists.

Such an impetuous, lusty young radical as Richard Aldington could not long stay loyal to any creed. His emotion, intense and flashing fire, his arrogant irreverence, and his artistic spirit make of him a glorious rebel with laughter on his lips.

¹⁵ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 96.

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NOTES

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F. S. FLINT

The Humanist

1817. 1. 1.

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F. S. Flint

London was the birth place of F.S. Flint, and the date was December 19, 1885. He was the son of a commercial traveler and his family was in impoverished circumstances. The early years of Flint's life were spent amid poverty and squalor. He attended school until he was thirteen, then went to work and for years, took any job available in order to help toward the expenses of his poor household.

When he was in his late 'teens, he began to frequent book stores and to buy books. He became particularly interested in Keats and this interest along with his reading of other things opened up a new world of beauty to the lad who lived in such drab circumstances.

At the age of nineteen, he entered the **Civil** Service and worked as a typist, at the same time attending night school where he studied Latin and French. His talent for languages was remarkable; he began doing translations. Later, he studied more foreign languages, and today, he is to be commended for being able to read at least ten foreign languages. It is said that his knowledge of French is probably unsurpassed by anyone throughout England.¹

He married in 1909, and entered another period of poverty and struggle. There were two children by this marriage.

¹ Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 154.

THE STATE

THE STATE OF NEW YORK, in and for the County of ...

Know all men by these presents, that I, the said ...

do hereby certify that the within and foregoing ...

is a true and correct copy of the original ...

as the same appears from the records of the ...

County of ...

Witness my hand and the seal of the County of ...

at the City of ... this ... day of ...

County Clerk

By ...

Notary Public

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His wife died in 1920, after which Flint married again.

At the time of his first marriage came the publication of his early poems in a volume entitled In the Net of the Stars. These were youthful, romantic love lyrics on the whole, but they held certain promising characteristics and hints as to the poet's personality and poetic sensibilities. These poems were somewhat formal in structure and showed the influence of Keats and Shelley. Ford Madox Ford (at that time F. M. Hueffer) was not slow in discerning the value of Flint's work and printed some of it in the English Review.

Even at that time, before there was any tendency whatever toward free verse in England, Flint was trying freer rhythms and truer diction. He was feeling his way toward Imagism. In the preface to his first volume, he said:

"I have, as the mood dictated, filled a form or created one. I have used assonance for the charm of it, and not rimed where there was no need to. In all, I have followed my ear and my heart, which may be false. I hope not."

However, not more than three or four poems in the book were so irregular as to justify calling them "free verse."

As was mentioned in an earlier chapter, Flint was associated with T.E. Hulme, the originator of Imagism, during the days when Imagism was only a theory. An interest in modern French poetry was the common bond between the two, also their mutual belief that a new technique should be instituted in English poetry. It was during this time while

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Hulme was making his philosophical notes and Flint was writing critical essays that Flint dropped his romantic style patterned after that of Keats and Shelley and emerged an Imagist. When Ezra Pound was prepared to publish Des Imagistes, Flint was just ready to contribute some of the finest of his new experiments. The five poems which Flint contributed to this publication were later collected into a volume called Cadences. It was with the appearance of this volume that the poet became a full-fledged Imagist. He had completely discarded his nineteenth century tendencies, and had come out with a conciseness of form and a kind of chiselled sureness that established him as one of the most accomplished of the Imagist group.

He was called the interpreter of London.

"Many poets, ancient and modern, have sung of London; few have sung more honestly or more touchingly than F.S. Flint. A child of her myriad streets and yellow fogs, his ear is tuned to her music, his eye trained to her color and her form. The crowded streets, the tired faces of swarming workers, the open markets, the traffic of the Thames, the sudden glimpse and odor of trees and flowers in the park--these things course in his blood and are transmuted to poetry."²

Flint stressed the human note more than any of the Imagists, his sympathy and love for London extending to the people themselves.

Flint's third volume of poetry was called Otherworld

² Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 158.

and was published in 1920. This was his last attempt at poetry. Since 1920 he has given over his time to translating the work of modern French poets and essayists, especially Verhaeren and Jean de Bosschere. In this volume, the poet discloses the duality of his life. The keynote of the whole thing is the faithful sincerity of the man, and the good, warm humanness of Flint permeates Otherworld.

It is often wondered why Flint gave up the writing of poetry and began to give over his time to translations. Flint had a family to earn a living for--that is the most obvious answer, and probably the correct one. He was no artistic youngling who could throw his life to his art, live in a garret, and munch a crust while he stared over the London housetops drinking inspiration from English sunrises and sunsets. He had always been forced to work hard for a living; he was used to the struggle for bread and meat. Aside from this fact, it is said of Flint that he indulged in a sense of self-disparagement which hindered his creative powers, and which Aldington declared to be an "almost imbecile modesty." If it had not been for Amy Lowell's Imagist anthologies, Flint would be unknown in this country and less known in England than he is.

One of Flint's most admired Imagist poems appeared in his collection called Cadences. Here is an extraordinarily good illustration of unrimed cadence.

London

London, my beautiful,
 It is not the sunset
 Nor the pale green sky
 Shimmering through the curtain
 Of the silver birch,
 Nor the quietness;
 It is not the hopping
 Of the little birds
 Upon the lawn,
 Nor the darkness
 Stealing over all things
 That moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly
 Over the tree-tops
 Among the stars,
 I think of her
 And the glow her passing
 Sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,
 I will climb
 Into the branches
 To the moonlit tree-tops,
 That my blood may be cooled
 By the wind.

The following shorter poem about London shows Flint's success at fine chiselling, at a rather grim, set art underlying it. It is clear and entire in itself. It forms one unit utterly devoid of the diffuseness and romanticism that cluttered some of the Flint's poetry.

Eau-Forte

On black bare trees a stale cream moon
 Hangs dead, and sours the unborn buds.
 Two gaunt old hacks, knees bent, heads low,
 Tug, tired and spent, an old horse tram.
 Damp smoke, rank mist fill the dark square;
 And round the bend six bullocks come.

A hobbling, dirt-grimed drover guides
 Their clattering feet--

their clattering feet!
to the slaughterhouse.³

Flint cannot seem to conceal his own feelings, his touching sincerity, his tenderness, his pity. Unlike the other Imagists, it is almost impossible for this poet to hide himself even in his most objective writings.

In the Beggar, Flint depicts a pitiable object, and reveals his humanness which rushes out to meet the reader in almost every line. A haunting air of melancholy, of futile sadness hovers about the whole little poem.

Beggar

In the gutter
piping his sadness
an old man stands,
bent and shriveled,
beard draggled,
eyes dead.

Huddled and mean,
shivering in threadbare clothes--
winds beat him,
hunger bites him,
forlorn, a whistle in his hands,
piping.

Hark! the strange quality
of his sorrowful music,
wind from an empty belly
wrought magically
into the wind,--

pattern of silver on bronze.⁴

There are no ragged edges to this image. Except for the feeling of human pity it exudes, it is a good, clean bit of Imagist poetry.

³F.S. Flint, Otherworld.

⁴F.S. Flint, Ibid.

Journal of the American Medical Association

Published Weekly, except on Sundays and Holidays

Subscription Price, \$5.00 per Annum in Advance

Single Copies, 15 Cents

Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1917, Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under No. 100,000

Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate of Postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918

Postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices

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Published by American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Second-Class Postage paid at Chicago, Ill.

CONTENTS

Original Articles
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public

Editorial
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public

Correspondence
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public
The Medical Profession and the Public

Obituary
The Medical Profession and the Public

Advertisements
The Medical Profession and the Public

Index
The Medical Profession and the Public

Subscription Service
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The Swan that follows is a complete revision of an earlier poem called A Swan Song. The first experiment, A Swan Song, is too cluttered with emotional rhapsodies and diffuse images to merit quoting here, but for the sake of showing the improvement made over this first attempt, both poems are given. Flint could see that the elaborations in A Swan Song must be cut out, that the objective presentation of the symbol must be hardened and clarified.

A Swan Song

Among the lily leaves the swan,
The pale, cold lily leaves,
The swan, with mirrored neck, a silver streak,
Tipped with a tarnished copper beak,
Toward the dark arch floats slowly on;
The water is deep and blank beneath the arches.

The fishes quiver in the pool
Under the lily shadow cool,
And ripples gilded by the whin,
Painted too, with a gloom of green,
Mingled with lilac blue and mauve,
Dropped from an overhanging grove;
White rose of flame the swan beneath the arches.⁵

Note the pruning that was done. Cadence is substituted for meter here.

The Swan

Under the lily shadow
and the gold
And the blue and mauve
that the whin and the lilac
pour down on the water
the fishes quiver.

Over the green cold leaves
and the rippled silver
and the tarnished copper

⁵ F.S. Flint, In the Net of the Stars.

of its neck and beak,
toward the deep black water
beneath the arches,
the swan floats slowly.

Into the dark of the arch the swan floats
and into the black depth of my sorrow
it bears a white rose of flame.⁶

The conciseness and suggestiveness here clearly cry out in favor of Imagism. This poem is devoid of clichés and excrescences.

The color blending in the poem that follows is reminiscent of Amy Lowell and Richard Aldington.

Red poppies wanton in the golden corn
That aureoles the green, dividing lane;
Intent, a linnet pecks the tender grain,
Unmindful of the lark, or, all forlorn,
The cuckoo's mournful voice; wind-tossed
and worn,
Purple and gold with cloud and sun, complain
The white-flecked waves, chanting an old
refrain.⁷

In his volume, Otherworld, wherein the duality of his life is exposed, revealing two worlds: this world with its bitterness, heavy-mindedness, futility and deadening routine; and the other world that he escapes to on Keats's "viewless wings of poesy," Flint lays his image of the other world, the dream-world thus:

I come into breakfast clean of body and
rich in mind,
And hungry with the morning air.
My boy sits before a bowl of purple
wild pansies,

⁶F.S. Flint, In the Net of the Stars.

⁷Ibid.

And my girl has a slender green jar of
 red poppies,
 Whose hairy stalks spring from a blue
 cluster of speedwells.
 They have been out in the fields, barefoot
 in the long, wet grass,
 The meadow foxtails brushing their legs
 with a silky touch;
 And they shook the jewels from the heart
 of the clover,
 As they passed and sang with the birds.

Here is carved a corner of a scene as it strike's Flint's
 poetical glimpse of his other world. The concrete detail
 is sharp and colorful. The pansy bowl, the "slender green
 jar of red poppies," "hairy stalks" and blue clusters fit
 themselves into a neat, patterned impression. A sensuous
 touch adds to the movement in the lines, "The meadow foxtails
 brushing their legs with a silky touch," and "And they
 shook the jewels from the heart of the clover."

As a poet, Flint seems to have completed his creations.
 He leads the prosaic life represented in his volume Otherworld,
 with its routine, work, and weariness. It is necessary to
 relate Flint's poetry to his personality and the circumstances
 of his private life in order to arrive at any fair estimate
 of it, for he is chiefly a human being. It is highly probable,
 that under different circumstances, his poetic fancy could
 have had its fling, and that more than a few treasures would
 be left today.

Torn between reality and dreams, he seems to have given
 up his "other world" with its "afterglow of sunset and the
 evening stars," its quiet and peace, "its peace of the winds,"

its calm.⁸ He will be remembered for his cleanly-cut poems contributed to Des Imagistes, his feeling for new rhythms and cadences, and his humanness. There is something wistful about Flint and his poems,--the man whom Ford Madox Ford called, "One of the greatest men and one of the most beautiful spirits of the country."⁹ He certainly had enough to contend with in his life, and his spirit showed a desperate need for nourishment. It is this courage that he speaks of in this final poem that should be a little candle in his heart forever:

Each day I hope for courage to bear
 and not to whine;
 to take my lot as bravely as the bees
 and as unbroodingly.

Each day I creep a little nearer,
 let me hope;
 soon may the morning leaves
 remain as green about my heart all day,
 and I, no longer, taking myself to heart,
 may laugh and love and dream and think of death
 without this yearning poison.¹⁰

⁸F.S. Flint, Otherworld.

⁹Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 166.

¹⁰F.S. Flint, Cadences.

D. H. LAWRENCE

The "Phoenix"

D. H. Lawrence

D.H. Lawrence was born in 1885 in a mining district of Nottinghamshire, England. His father was a working man, but his mother was of gentler stock, belonging to the middle class who spoke the King's English, and not the local dialect of her husband. A French biographer of Lawrence, writes his impressions of Lawrence's family upon looking at a photograph:

"The miner's face is glowing with health, with its leonine mane above and the spreading beard beneath. It is a birthday or an anniversary: a heavy watch-chain dangles across his waistcoat, a folded handkerchief emerges from his pocket, a large flower covers the lapel. And beside him is Mrs. Lawrence, very small, humbly clasping her hands, already looking older than her years. Her small mouth is hardly discernible, and her sad eyes, taking shelter in the depths of their orbits, belie that half-hearted smile. This man and this woman are lost; their union has destroyed them both."¹

Thus from this description, much can be implied as to the characters of Lawrence's mother and father, the mother being proud and respected and extremely religious,--his father, brutal, addicted to drink and dishonest.

D. H. was a quiet, sensitive boy with his mother's intelligence and affection. He said of his boyhood, "I was a delicate, pale brat with a snuffy nose, whom most people treated quite gently as just an ordinary delicate little lad."²

When he was twelve years old, the boy won a scholarship

¹Andre Maurois, Prophets and Poets, p. 248.

²"Autobiographical Sketch" in Assorted Articles.

SECTION 1.1

1.1.1. The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $f(x)$ defined by the equation

$f(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$. It is shown that $f(x)$ is a continuous function

and that it is strictly increasing. It is also shown that $f(x)$ is bounded

on the interval $[0, \infty)$. The limit of $f(x)$ as $x \rightarrow \infty$ is found to be

$\frac{\pi}{2}$. The function $f(x)$ is then shown to be concave down on the interval

$[0, \infty)$.

1.1.2. The second part of the book is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $g(x)$ defined by the equation

$g(x) = \int_0^x \frac{t}{1+t^2} dt$. It is shown that $g(x)$ is a continuous function

and that it is strictly increasing. It is also shown that $g(x)$ is bounded

on the interval $[0, \infty)$. The limit of $g(x)$ as $x \rightarrow \infty$ is found to be

$\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$. The function $g(x)$ is then shown to be concave up on the interval

$[0, \infty)$. The limit of $g(x)$ as $x \rightarrow 0$ is found to be 0.

1.1.3. The third part of the book is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $h(x)$ defined by the equation

$h(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$. It is shown that $h(x)$ is a continuous function

and that it is strictly increasing. It is also shown that $h(x)$ is bounded

on the interval $[0, \infty)$. The limit of $h(x)$ as $x \rightarrow \infty$ is found to be

$\frac{\pi}{2}$. The function $h(x)$ is then shown to be concave down on the interval

$[0, \infty)$. The limit of $h(x)$ as $x \rightarrow 0$ is found to be 0.

1.1.4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $i(x)$ defined by the equation

$i(x) = \int_0^x \frac{t}{1+t^2} dt$. It is shown that $i(x)$ is a continuous function

and that it is strictly increasing. It is also shown that $i(x)$ is bounded

on the interval $[0, \infty)$. The limit of $i(x)$ as $x \rightarrow \infty$ is found to be

$\frac{1}{2} \ln 2$. The function $i(x)$ is then shown to be concave up on the interval

$[0, \infty)$. The limit of $i(x)$ as $x \rightarrow 0$ is found to be 0.

1.1.5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to the study of the

properties of the function $j(x)$ defined by the equation

$j(x) = \int_0^x \frac{1}{1+t^2} dt$. It is shown that $j(x)$ is a continuous function

and that it is strictly increasing. It is also shown that $j(x)$ is bounded

on the interval $[0, \infty)$. The limit of $j(x)$ as $x \rightarrow \infty$ is found to be

$\frac{\pi}{2}$. The function $j(x)$ is then shown to be concave down on the interval

$[0, \infty)$. The limit of $j(x)$ as $x \rightarrow 0$ is found to be 0.

to the Nottingham High School, after which he became a teacher and taught in an elementary school from the time he was seventeen until he was twenty-one. He earned a scanty living, but he devoted much time to hard work at his poems, stories, and a novel. Some of the poems were sent to the English Review, which Ford Madox Ford was editing. The poems were printed, and Ford asked Lawrence in to see him. After reading the manuscript of the young man's novel, The White Peacock, Ford assured Lawrence that he had genius.

When D. H. was twenty-five, his mother died. His book was published but it didn't mean much to him at such a time. He continued his teaching which was often interrupted by spells of illness, and at this time, it was pneumonia which intervened. He never went back to school but tried to live on his sparse literary earnings.

Strange, young Lawrence met Frieda von Richthofen two years later, and it seemed to be love at first sight for them both. The woman was thirty-one at the time, married, and had three children, but from her first moment of seeing young Lawrence, she loved him. She declared that he saw through her like glass³, saw through her hard, bright shell. She was filled with tenderness over this shy, frail, sensitive creature with the wild, impassioned eye. For D. H. Lawrence, Frieda was "ripping, the finest woman I ever met."⁴

³Frieda Lawrence, Not I, but the Wind, p. 5.

⁴Andre Maurois, Prophets and Poets, p. 255.

In 1914 D.H. and Frieda were married.

From the time that Lawrence left his regular work and abandoned himself to his literary resources, he moved about restlessly from one country to another, driven both by his wanderlust and by the demands made upon him by poor health to seek new and helpful climates. He had chronic tuberculosis and his sojourns in Southern climates were conditioned by this disease. It is probable that he wouldn't have died so soon as he did, had he remained in one place long enough to effect his recuperation; but his restlessness wasn't restrained, and he practically travelled himself to death. He died in 1930 at Vence, France, longing at the last moment for his ranch in New Mexico. His death occurred a few days after his forty-fifth birthday, and ^{he} was buried at Venice. Over his ~~grave~~ ^{grave} ~~there was~~, carved his emblem, a symbol of resurrection, the Phoenix which he had himself designed.

Lawrence is better known as a novelist than a poet. However, there are some who attribute the greatness of his novels to the fact that poetry permeates them. Lawrence took no real interest in Imagism either as a theory of poetry or as a movement, but it so happened that Miss Lowell asked him to contribute to the Imagist anthology. He told her that he wasn't an Imagist, but she replied that he was, and to support her assertion, she quoted a passage from one of his earlier poems, "Wedding Morn."

...the first of these was the ...
...the second was the ...
...the third was the ...
...the fourth was the ...
...the fifth was the ...
...the sixth was the ...
...the seventh was the ...
...the eighth was the ...
...the ninth was the ...
...the tenth was the ...
...the eleventh was the ...
...the twelfth was the ...
...the thirteenth was the ...
...the fourteenth was the ...
...the fifteenth was the ...
...the sixteenth was the ...
...the seventeenth was the ...
...the eighteenth was the ...
...the nineteenth was the ...
...the twentieth was the ...

...the twenty-first was the ...
...the twenty-second was the ...
...the twenty-third was the ...
...the twenty-fourth was the ...
...the twenty-fifth was the ...
...the twenty-sixth was the ...
...the twenty-seventh was the ...
...the twenty-eighth was the ...
...the twenty-ninth was the ...
...the thirtieth was the ...
...the thirty-first was the ...
...the thirty-second was the ...
...the thirty-third was the ...
...the thirty-fourth was the ...
...the thirty-fifth was the ...
...the thirty-sixth was the ...
...the thirty-seventh was the ...
...the thirty-eighth was the ...
...the thirty-ninth was the ...
...the fortieth was the ...

The morning breaks like a pomegranate
In a shining crack of red.

Lawrence was not convinced, of course, by this frail argument, but he had no particular objections to her suggestion that his work appear under the Imagist banner; so he gave her what she wanted, and he became a member of the official group of Imagists, a move that he had to explain ever afterward.

Professor Glenn Hughes, in conversation with Lawrence heard him say that Imagism amused him, that there had never been any such thing.

"In the old London days Pound wasn't so literary as he is now. He was more of a mountebank then. He practised more than he preached, for he had no audience. He was always amusing."⁵

Lawrence had little praise for the Imagists, except H.D., whose poetry he admired.

Professor Hughes cites the fact that he was told by an Imagist that Lawrence was included in the anthologies for the reason that in 1914, he was looked upon as a genius, and that the group thought his name would add prestige to the movement.⁶ Another Imagist told him that in spite of Lawrence's protestations, he was influenced by the Imagist credo, and thus wrote certain poems in strict conformity with the enunciated principles of the tenets. Even so, the poems represented in the anthologies were only occasionally Imagistic. He wrote free verse, not because of theories, but rather because of a personal need for it.

⁵Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 170.

⁶Glenn Hughes, Ibid., p. 170.

When he was twenty he began to write what he termed "real poems," those having been written before that time, being insignificant. These were included in his first published volume, Love Poems and Others. Six other books of his verse were published between 1913 and 1923, and in 1928 his Collected Poems appeared in which can be found his poetic output from 1906 to 1923.

This treatment will seek to deal with Lawrence only in his relation to the Imagists. His work is so heterogeneous, the man is so preoccupied with sex symbols, sexual energy, the male-and-female struggle, that confinement is compulsory in this treatment. However, his works are so charged with sex-consciousness that it prevails throughout his writings. Lawrence is a primitive, brutal, yet shy, sensitive man who ran the gamut of his emotions, and impressed all who knew him with his leonine personality,--tenacious, unforgettable, magnetic--like his countenance. Aldoux Huxley says of Lawrence:

"To be with Lawrence was a kind of adventure, a voyage of discovery into newness and otherness. For, being himself of a different order, he inhabited a different universe from that of common men--a brighter, and intenser world, of which, while he spoke, he would make you free. He looked at things with the eyes, so it seemed, of a man who had been at the brink of death, and to whom, as he emerges from the darkness, the world reveals itself as unfathomably beautiful and mysterious. For Lawrence, existence was one continuous convalescence; it was as though he were newly re-born from a mortal illness every day of his life..... a walk with him through the country was a walk through that marvellously rich and significant landscape which

is at once the background and the principal personage of all his novels. He seemed to know, by personal experience, what it was like to be a tree or a daisy or a breaking wave or even the mysterious moon itself. He could get inside the skin of an animal and tell you in the most convincing detail how it felt and how, dimly, inhumanly, it thought."⁷

Lawrence was radical, hostile and sensual, and these qualities along with his almost uncanny perceptive interpretations, reveal themselves in his poetry.

The poems that best represent the Imagists⁸ are not so coldly objective, so externalized as the work of the other members of the group. Here is a direct description of London during an air-raid:

Bombardment

The town has opened to the sun.
Like a flat lily with a million petals
She unfolds, she comes undone.

A sharp sky brushes upon
The myriad glittering chimney-tips
As she gently exhales to the sun.

Hurrying creatures run
Down the labyrinth of the sinister flower.
What is it they shun?

A dark bird falls from the sun.
It curves in a rush to the heart of the vast
Flower: the day has begun.

These excerpts from Tommies in the Train show a clean glitter, an effective descriptive power that chooses colors nicely, a directness that is delightful.

⁷Andre Maurois, Prophets and Poets, p. 246.

⁸D.H. Lawrence, Collected Poems, Volume I.

The sun shines,
The coltsfoot flowers along the railway banks
Shine flat like coin which Zeus, in thanks,
Showers on our lines.

A steeple
In purple elms; daffodils
Sparkle beneath; lumingus hills
Beyond--but no people.⁹

Lawrence has power to filter his lines with magic, as
in the following verses from A Woman to Her Dead Husband:

And his eyes could see
The white moon hang like a breast revealed
By the slipping shawl of stars,
Could see the small stars tremble
As the heart beneath did wield
Systole, diastole.¹⁰

In this same poem, these lines are filled with cleanly
modelled images, as stern, hard and cold as if cut out of
granite:

And his brows like rocks on the sea
jut out,
And his eyes were deep like the sea
With shadow and he looked at me
Till I sank in him like the sea,
Awfully.

Ah, masquerader!
With your steel face white-enamelled,
Were you he, after all, and I never
Saw you or felt you in kissing?
Yet sometimes my heart was trammelled
With fear, evader!

The short poem, Green is a delicately carved miniature.

The dawn was apple-green,
The sky was green wine held up in the sun,
The moon was a golden petal between.

⁹ D. H. Lawrence, Collected Poems.
¹⁰ D. H. Lawrence, Ibid.

She opened her eyes and green
 They shone, clear like flowers undone
 For the first time, now for the first time seen.¹¹

Rich in imagination, glowing with color, interesting in impressions, Lawrence's poem, Service of All the Dead, has Imagistic tendencies. The diction is particular, and the image is clear.

Between the avenue of cypresses
 All in their scarlet capes and surplices
 Of linen, go the chaunting choristers,
 The priests in gold and black, the villagers.

And all along the path to the cemetery
 The round dark heads of men crowd silently;
 And black-scarfed faces of women-folk wist-
 fully
 Watch at the banner of death, and the
 mystery.

And at the foot of a grave a father stands
 With sunken head, and forgotten, folded
 hands;
 And at the foot of a grave a mother kneels
 With pale shut face, nor neither hears nor
 feels....

The coming of the chaunting choristers
 Between the avenue of cypresses,
 The silence of the many villagers,
 The candle-flames besides a surplices.¹²

There is force and vitality behind all of Lawrence's poems, something big and fiery and indefinable. There is a distinct vitality to this rather Imagistic poem.

Suspense

The wind comes from the north
 Blowing little flocks of birds
 Like spray across the town,
 And a train roaring forth
 Rushes stampeding down

¹¹D.H. Lawrence, Collected Poems.

¹²D.H. Lawrence, Ibid.

...the ... of ...
...the ... of ...
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South, with flying curds
Of steam, from the darkening north.¹³

Cherry Robbers is delightful in imagery. Lawrence employs still more similes and metaphors.

Under the long dark boughs, like jewels red
In the hair of an Eastern girl
Hang strings of crimson cherries, as if
had bled
Blood drops beneath each curl.

Under the glistening cherries, with folded
wings
Three dead birds lie;
Pale breasted throistles and a blackbird, robber-
lings
Stained with red dye.

Against the haystack a girl stands laughing
at me,
Cherries hung round her ears.
Offers me her scarlet fruit: I will see
If she has any tears.¹⁴

In spite of the fact that in places, the images are far-fetched, "blood drops beneath each curl," and "In the hair of an Eastern girl," where the jewels hang,--some of the impressions are clean and appealing. For instance, "Pale-breasted throistles and a blackbird, robberlings, stained with red dye," and "Against a haystack a girl stands laughing at me."

In Lawrence's second volume in the Collected Poems, "Birds, Beasts and Flowers," is a series of rhapsodies arising from the meditation and contemplation of the workings of love in growing things. Here he threw conven-

¹³D.H. Lawrence, Collected Poems.

¹⁴D.H. Lawrence, Ibid.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

TO THE DIRECTOR, NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

FROM: DR. J. H. DILLON
DATE: JANUARY 15, 1964
SUBJECT: CARBON-13 NMR SPECTROSCOPY

RE: YOUR LETTER OF JANUARY 10, 1964

Enclosed for you are two copies of a report
on the results of our studies of the
carbon-13 NMR spectra of a number of
organic compounds.

Very truly yours,
J. H. DILLON

Enclosed for you are also two copies of a
report on the results of our studies of the
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inorganic compounds.

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tions to the winds when he wrote it, and yielded himself up in riotous freedom. There are fruits and their symbolical signifiance: the pomegranate, the peach, the medlar, the fig, and the grape. So magical, so beautiful and stirring are the poet's finely etched images here that one cannot object too strenuously to whatever obscenity may lurk in some of the lines. The poet's sensuousness is veritably transmitted to the reader. He interprets the peach:

Blood-red, deep;
Heaven knows how it came to pass.
Somebody's pound of flesh rendered up.

.....
Why from silvery peach-bloom,
From that shallow-silvery wine-glass
 on a short stem,
This rolling, dropping, heavy globule?

.....
Why so velvety, why so voluptuous heavy?
Why hanging with such inordinate weight?
Why so indented?

Why the groove?
Why the lovely bivalve roundnesses?
Why the ripple down the sphere?
Why the suggestion of incision?

He is ecstatic over the medlars:

Gods nude as blanched nut-kernels,
Strangely, half-sinisterly flesh-fragrant
As if with sweat,
And drenched with mystery.

The fig, the secretive fruit throws the wild poet into a frenzy:

Folded upon itself, enclosed like any
 Mohammedan woman,
Its nakedness all within walls, in flowering
 forever unseen.

These lines just quoted are certainly not strictly Imagistic. They are too frenzied, too charged with harrowing desires and indelicate emotions to be the restrained, exactly reserved works of the Imagists, but they furnish enough bright and colorful imagery to merit their inclusion here.

The description of Lawrence's head by Richard Aldington is not unlike a general characterization of his poetry, in its entirety: looking as if it were "moulded of some queer-colored stone."¹⁵ There is no doubt that his poetry has a mold, an incisive form, but it truly seems to be cut out of a strange, queer-colored stone!

J.C. Squire said in his review of Lawrence's Collected Poems:

"The fact remains that Mr. Lawrence, passionate, brooding, glowering, worshipping man, is undoubtedly a man of genius and big and fiery enough to eat a dozen of his merely clever contemporaries."¹⁶

Lawrence's critics all agree in spite of the poet's egoism, his sex-mania and his odd crudities, that he was a great writer.

Richard Aldington portrays him in his essay, D.H. Lawrence,--An Indiscretion, as being a "great living example of the English Heretic," a riotous personality whom the English love and hate at the same time, "for somewhere, deep down, they know that their Heretics are the life of the race, the salt of the earth."

¹⁵

¹⁶The OBSERVER, (London), October 7, 1928.

Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, p. 190.

For the last time, he sang of his own pagan faith
in his little poem entitled Sun In Me.

A sun will rise in me
I shall slowly resurrect
already the whiteness of false dawn
is on my inner ocean.
A sun in me
And a sun in heaven.
And beyond that, the immense sun behind the sun
the sun immense distances, that fold themselves
together
within the genitals of living space.
And further, the sun within the atom
which is god in the atom.

His resurrection, the sun in Lawrence that will ever shine,
is left to treasure in this poem, as well as the carved,
graven symbol of the Phoenix upon his headstone. Not only
may this emblem be symbolical of the artist's resurrection,
but also of his own self-consuming fires that burned him to
death.

VII

SIGNIFICANCE OF IMAGISM AS A LITERARY MOVEMENT

210

THEORY OF THE EARTH AND ITS HISTORY

VII

SIGNIFICANCE OF IMAGISM AS A LITERARY MOVEMENT

It was as early as 1865 that Whitman was saying:

"We must have new words, new potentialities of speech, an American range of self-expression... The new times, the new people need a tongue according, yes, and what is more, they will have such a tongue---will not be satisfied until it is evolved."¹

One of the most earnest and effective factors in bringing about this new "range of self-expression," the "new potentialities of speech," the "new tongue" was the Imagists. After Whitman's cry for freedom, for abandonment to America and things American, for liberation from the musty closeting of art, the little band of Imagists helped to fulfill his prophecy. They were liberators in the sense that their "programs, propoundments and propaganda compelled their most dogged adversaries to acknowledge the integrity of their aims."² They propounded in their tenets, not only those things to further their purpose in regard to Imagism,-- but principles that helped to swell the tide of freedom: use of the language of common speech, freedom in choice of subject, new rhythms and cadences, and thus heralded the liberation of poetry from its traditional, stilted diction and set form.

¹Alfred Kreyborg, Our Singing Strength, Preface.

²Louis Untermeyer, Modern American Poetry, Preface.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

The first settlement in Boston was made in 1630 by a group of Puritan settlers from England. They came to the city in search of religious freedom and a place to practice their faith. The settlers were led by John Winthrop, who gave them the name "Boston" in honor of the city of Boston in England. The city grew rapidly and became one of the most important centers of commerce and industry in the New World. In 1639, the city was incorporated as a town, and in 1689, it was elevated to the status of a city. The city has since become one of the most important and vibrant cities in the United States.

The movement in itself as and end in itself did not result in any great boon to the history of literature, but it is the effect of the movement, the grip and pressure it brought to bear at a time when the far-flung cry of Whitman needed to be answered. The re-statement of old truths that had long lain dead brought about the revival necessary to help the new poetry "out of a bog of rhetorical rubbish."³ It cannot be denied that Imagism filled a place in the structure of American poetry that must not be lost sight of by their sincere renaissance of the highest traditions of the past. The Imagists revived the classical, brought a new objective beauty to the world and to things in the world, loosened the literary tongues of poets to mankind, and broke away from old forms.

The fact that the group of young poets that called themselves Imagists disintegrated and became independent poets or members of other groups does not discount the value of the Imagist bequest to literature. They formed their Imagist band, produced their tenets, struggled to have them recognized, and succeeded. There was no longer necessity for the group to stay intact, once their purpose had been accomplished.

Not only did Imagism leave the world of poetry enriched by a new freedom, but it produced one lone poet who carved her material as deftly and as perfectly as any poet in the

³Louis Untermeyer, Modern American Poetry, Preface.

history of this art: H.D., the pure Imagist, who recalled the ideal Greece, and reburnished that ideal for this generation. Her work alone will keep the name of Imagism remembered and enshrined. The bequest of a "new tongue" and a flawless poet of their own school is enough to be willed by any group.

The actual movement is over, yes, but its cry will echo down the years. Its effects will be felt by other poets in the years to come. Poets to-day unconsciously inherit the freedom for which the Imagists fought.

In the midst of occurring and recurring influences in the history of literature, Imagism is a strong and healthy one.

"It may not have a great flowering of its own, but it will assist others to grow. It is excellent fertilizer in the fields of poetry; it will do this since the very hardness of it, its sharp edges and sharper images, its constant insistence on packing and cutting down, are vitalizing reactions from the verbose, the carelessly facile and the pretty reiteration of copy book maxims. In the protest and occasionally in the poetry of the Imagists, America expresses part of her healthy and creative dissatisfaction."⁴

Imagism is a part of that great spirit of Poetry. Whether it is remembered or forgotten does not matter. It created what it could out of what it was--to enrich that spirit, to refine it, to extend its immortality far beyond the page upon which its physical aspect was imprinted.

⁴ Louis Untermeyer, New Era in American Poetry, Preface.

VIII
SUMMARY

1877
1878

VIII

SUMMARY

Walt Whitman prophesied a "new tongue," a new freedom for poetry, and the Imagists helped to fulfill that prophecy. Poetry was liberated from its confinement, its borrowings, and its translations, and the Imagist Movement continued to voice the carols that Whitman sang in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

The term, Imagisme, originally French, was invented by Ezra Pound, and the term, briefly, has to do with six things as propounded in the Imagist tenets: use of the language of common speech, new rhythms, freedom in the choice of subject, the presentation of an image, production of poetry that is "hard and clear," and rigid concentration.

The origins of Imagism are rooted in the very beginnings of poetry. It was a reaction against the poetry of the past. Its two main sources of influence were ancient and modern: furnished by inspirational ideals of such ancient literatures as Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Chinese, and Japanese; its chief modern influence was French. The true father of the movement was T.E. Hulme, but it was started as an actual force by Ezra Pound in England and introduced to America in 1912. Upon Pound's desertion of his new faith, Amy Lowell carried on with strong allegiance to Imagism. The most important members of the group, the official

which has been found to be a very good one for the purpose of determining the relative amounts of the various components of a mixture. It is a very simple method and can be applied to a wide variety of mixtures. The results obtained are very accurate and can be used for a wide variety of purposes.

The results obtained from the analysis of the mixture are as follows: The amount of component A is 10.0%, component B is 20.0%, component C is 30.0%, component D is 40.0%, component E is 50.0%, component F is 60.0%, component G is 70.0%, component H is 80.0%, component I is 90.0%, component J is 100.0%.

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Imagists were H.D., John Gould Fletcher, Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, F.S. Flint, and D.H. Lawrence.

The critical reaction to Imagism was not astounding because even though there is nothing new under the sun, a revival of the old is cause enough for assault. Such critics as Harold Monroe, F.E. Hueffer, Floyd Dell, Conrad Aiken, Professor W.E. Leonard, Professor J.L. Lowes and Louis Untermeyer made the Imagist struggle for recognition still more colorful and interesting by their respective charges.

The controversy in regard to prose and poetry was naturally aroused when these advocates of the truth-and-beauty renaissance began to fling their wares, like fragile china pieces, at the heads of the critics.

Each of the six official Imagists contributed his bounty to the movement, as well as Ezra Pound who started the school and then "twitched his mantle," in favor of new pastures: H.D., the pure Imagist; John Gould Fletcher who sang of America and flashed his impressions through a kaleidoscope of moods; Amy Lowell, the craftsman, the manager, the "dynasty in herself"; Richard Aldington, the rebel who shouted every new tune; F.S. Flint, the great, warm-spirited humanist; and D.H. Lawrence, the impassioned Resurrectionist.

The significance of Imagism as a part of a literary

movement cannot be denied. It fulfilled Whitman's prophecy of a "new tongue," a "new freedom." It liberated poetry from the stilted diction and a restricted vocabulary to a stirring language of common speech. It revived the classical, and brought a new beauty to the world. Imagism produced an immortal poet in H.D. The movement itself is over, but its cry will echo through time. The new freedom that it helped to launch cannot be forgotten. The influence of this movement of Imagism remains a strong and healthy one to-day, and as a part of that great spirit of Poetry, will live forever.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME

CHAPTER I

OF THE DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY

IN THE YEAR 1492, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, A NATIVE OF ITALY,

DISCOVERED THE ISLANDS OF THE WEST INDIES.

HE WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN WHO REACHED THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY A SMALL PARTY OF MEN.

THEY WERE THE FIRST WHITE MEN WHO SET FOOT ON THE CONTINENT.

THEY WERE MET BY THE NATIVE INDIANS, WHO WERE AT FIRST FRIGHTENED BY THEIR WEAPONS.

THEY WERE, HOWEVER, SOON WON OVER BY THE KINDNESS OF THE INDIANS.

THEY REMAINED IN THE COUNTRY FOR A FEW MONTHS, AND THEN RETURNED TO EUROPE.

THEY BROUGHT BACK WITH THEM SEVERAL INDIANS, WHO WERE KEPT AS CAPTIVES.

CHAPTER II

OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS IN THE COUNTRY

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT WAS MADE IN THE YEAR 1565, BY JUAN PUEBLO.

HE WAS A SPANISH SOLDIER, WHO HAD BEEN CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

HE WAS KEPT AS A CAPTIVE FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

HE WAS, HOWEVER, SOON SET FREE, AND RETURNED TO EUROPE.

HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM SEVERAL INDIANS, WHO WERE KEPT AS CAPTIVES.

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- 1.01. General purpose of the project.
- 1.02. Scope of the project.
- 1.03. Objectives of the project.
- 1.04. Methodology of the project.
- 1.05. Organization of the project.
- 1.06. Roles and responsibilities.
- 1.07. Communication plan.
- 1.08. Risk management plan.
- 1.09. Quality management plan.
- 1.10. Change management plan.
- 1.11. Project closure plan.

Section 2. Detailed

- 2.01. Detailed description of the project.
- 2.02. Detailed description of the methodology.
- 2.03. Detailed description of the organization.

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THEORY

1. INTRODUCTION

1. The purpose of this experiment is to determine the effect of temperature on the rate of reaction between hydrogen peroxide and potassium iodide.
2. The reaction is as follows: $2H_2O_2 \rightarrow 2H_2O + O_2$
3. The rate of reaction is measured by the volume of oxygen gas evolved over a fixed period of time.
4. The reaction is catalyzed by potassium iodide.
5. The rate of reaction is expected to increase with increasing temperature.
6. The rate of reaction is expected to be higher in the presence of a catalyst.
7. The rate of reaction is expected to be higher at higher concentrations of reactants.
8. The rate of reaction is expected to be higher at higher pressures.
9. The rate of reaction is expected to be higher at higher surface areas.
10. The rate of reaction is expected to be higher at higher frequencies.

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2. The second part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all assets and liabilities. It is essential for the business to have a clear and concise record of all assets and liabilities, as this will be necessary for the preparation of the tax return.

3. The third part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all income and expenses. It is essential for the business to have a clear and concise record of all income and expenses, as this will be necessary for the preparation of the tax return.

4. The fourth part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all assets and liabilities. It is essential for the business to have a clear and concise record of all assets and liabilities, as this will be necessary for the preparation of the tax return.

5. The fifth part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all income and expenses. It is essential for the business to have a clear and concise record of all income and expenses, as this will be necessary for the preparation of the tax return.

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7. The seventh part of the paper discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all income and expenses. It is essential for the business to have a clear and concise record of all income and expenses, as this will be necessary for the preparation of the tax return.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

RESEARCH REPORT

1955

1955

1. The first part of the report describes the experimental work carried out during the year 1955. The results of the experiments are given in the following table:

Experiment	Result
1.1	0.12
1.2	0.15
1.3	0.18
1.4	0.21
1.5	0.24
1.6	0.27
1.7	0.30
1.8	0.33
1.9	0.36
1.10	0.39
1.11	0.42
1.12	0.45
1.13	0.48
1.14	0.51
1.15	0.54
1.16	0.57
1.17	0.60
1.18	0.63
1.19	0.66
1.20	0.69
1.21	0.72
1.22	0.75
1.23	0.78
1.24	0.81
1.25	0.84
1.26	0.87
1.27	0.90
1.28	0.93
1.29	0.96
1.30	0.99

2. The second part of the report discusses the theoretical aspects of the problem. It is shown that the results of the experiments can be explained by the following theory:

3. The third part of the report gives a summary of the work done during the year 1955. It is concluded that the results of the experiments are in good agreement with the theoretical predictions.

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